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NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND • MY PROJECT: BLUE
THE GAY • PLUS, GOING ON TOUR WITH THE ORGAN

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FRIDAY APRIL 11

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS CAESARS AND PALO ALTO

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, NOIZE & SCRATCH

COMMODORE BALLROOM

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EARLY SHOW
DOORS 7PM

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

SATURDAY APRIL 12

JAZZBERRY JAM

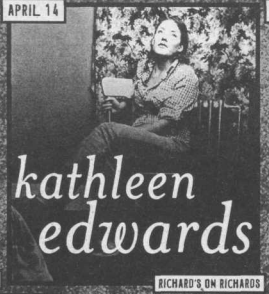
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

CLUMSY LOVERS

PLUS STABILO BOSS

COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 14



RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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The debut album The Beginning Stages Of... www.ThePolyphonicSpree.com

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MAY 1

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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SUNDAY APRIL 20

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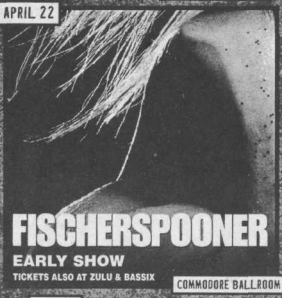
COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 22



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APRIL 27

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SONAR

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DiSCORDER

ISSUE 239 • APRIL 2003 • THAT LOW-RIDIN' MAGAZINE FROM CiTR 101.9FM

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Cover

Kevin Long whipped up the savvy political commentary on the cover, subtly and delicately showcasing the link between advertising and propaganda. Chris made it look like some kind of Bizarro Republican journal. Viva la revolucion!

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the May issue is April 9. Ad space is available until April 23 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DiSCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DiSCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CiTR can be heard at 101.9 fM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CiTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: citrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.citr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

Think we want to drive your Benz? We don't. If we want to floss, we've got our own. Even if you were broke, our mag don't cost a thing.

printed in canada

SONAR

66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

THURSDAY APRIL 3 Sonar presents:
DJs ARE NOT ROCKSTARS (NYC) - The Pop Your P*ssy Like This World Tour feat. PRINCESS SUPERSTAR & ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE
PRINCESS SUPERSTAR ("Bad Babysitter") and DJ ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE are the Molotov cocktail that is DJs ARE NOT ROCKSTARS. A 4 turntable vinyl alchemy featuring, punk, electro, house, hip hop instrumentals on 45, classic rock, 80s hits, and anything else that would make your rump shake. An atomic evening of some booty-groping hilarity straight outta' NYC. www.djsarenotrockstars.com Doors 9pm/$10 Advance tix available at Zulu, Futuristic Flavour, Scratch, Sonar (no s/c)

MONDAY APRIL 7
2-TONE: THE PROFESSIONAL CD RELEASE PARTY
2-TONE rocks the spot for his CD release 'The Professional'. This event also featuring FATBONE, USUAL SUSPECTS, CUSTOM LRZ, and CEC-ONE. Arrive early to catch the A. Clay McRae Designs' lingerie fashion show! Sponsored by Dipt and Khafra Boutique. www.2tonehiphop.com Doors 9pm/ Cover $5 (or free entry with $10 purchase of 2-Tone CD at the door)

THURSDAY APRIL 10
APHRODITE (Urban Takeover, Aphrodite Recordings - UK) @ LIME
As the undisputed king of the Urban Takeover empire, Aphrodite is no stranger to anybody. Making his stop on his 2003 tour, he promises to deliver a set of everything from old school classics to new exclusive dubplates that you'll hear nowhere else. Prepare yourselves once again for a night of the baddest basslines known to man. Doors 9:00pm/$15 Adv. tix available at On Deck (Georgia St.), Futuristic Flavour, Obstruction (Robson), Hypnotik (New West)

FRIDAY APRIL 11
THE RUMOURS - LIVE @ Dirty Deeds
One of Vancity's only all-girl rock outfits comes to do the Deeds. The stealthy 4 piece is fresh on the scene...be sure to come down early to check these girls out. Followed by Dirty Deeds presented by Circa Footwear, FWUH, and SPY, where legendary residents Vinyl Ritchie and Czech throw down their brand of hip hop, funk, soul and rock. ONLY at Dirty Deeds...you know?! Doors 7:30pm/Cover $8

MONDAY APRIL 14
WHISTLER FREERIDE CLUB SERIES
Games, Westbeach giveaways and Whistler/Blackcomb hill prize packs. Win a Whistler getaway weekend for you and 5 friends! Doors 9pm

THURSDAY APRIL 17
THE BACCHAE
Screaming Weenie Productions presents The Bacchae – an electronic opera. This interactive and original adaptation of Euripides tragedy is a classic tale of the orgiastic and animal vs. the restraint and order of society set in modern day context – the club scene. Backed by driving house beats composed and live-mixed by Tracey Draper and featuring some of Vancouver's best underground MC's, R&B and spoken word performers. Ilena Lee Cramer directs Maggie Blue O'Hara, Rachel Flood, Glen Garenther, Troy Jackson, Shane L. Koyczan and Christine Stoddard.
Doors 9pm/$25 Advance tix available online www.screamingweenie.com/$28 at the door

SATURDAY APRIL 19
THE BUTCHIES - LIVE @ Super Saturday
Compared to Bikini Kill and Sleater-Kinney and with punk power influences from Fugazi, the three women merge conventions of punk and hardcore, letting elements slip into more complicated structures, and allowing these constituents to slip around the pleasurable songwriting. The trio from North Carolina do it live at Super Saturday (early). Followed by Super Saturday with residents Hebegebe, Muchi Mambo, Todd Omotani and guests. Doors 7pm/$15 Advance tix available at Ticketmaster (604) 280-4444 or www.ticketmaster.ca

SUNDAY APRIL 20
ENJOY Long Weekend Sunday (open 'til 2am)
GMAN & Rizk start off their first Long Weekend Sunday party series! Be ready for the hottest Long Weekend Sunday party as the city has waited long enough. 2 rooms of hip-hop, r&b, reggae, old school, funk, and classic grooves to get down in. DJs Physik, P-luv, Goodfellas, Mr.Rumble and more. Come witness the first one, and be a part of Vancouver history. Doors 9:00pm/Cover $7

coming soon: FRI. MAY 2 - **OFFICIAL CIRCA+SPY SLAM CITY JAM PARTY**
SAT. MAY 3 - **DIRTY 3** SUN. MAY 4 - **MR. LIF** THU. MAY 8 - **KYOTO JAZZ MASSIVE**

>> Please remember to bring 2 pieces of ID. The club is now required by law to ask anyone who appears to be under the age of 25 for two pieces of ID. This second piece must include your name with your picture or signature (Care Card / SIN card / credit card etc.)

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THE COMMODORE (868 GRANVILLE ST.)

11 BLACK HEART PROCESSION

APPLES IN STEREO

BARTENDER'S BIBLE

DOORS 7:00PM. SHOW 7:30PM
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS (1036 RICHARDS ST.)

11 MILLENCOLIN

RUFIO

DOORS AT 6:30PM. SHOW 7:00PM
THE CROATION CULTURAL CENTRE (3250 COMMERCIAL DR.)

18 JESSE MALIN (PRODUCED BY RYAN ADAMS)

CAROLYN MARK (LOCAL ALT-COUNTRY FAVOURITES)

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS.
DOORS AT 7:30PM. SHOW 8:00PM
THE ROYAL (1029 GRANVILLE ST.)

MAY

10 THE RAPTURE

DJ MARCUS LAMBKIN PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS.

DOORS AND SHOW AT 9:00PM
SONAR CABARET (66 WATER ST.)

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BRIGHT EYES, MILLENCOLLIN & RAPTURE TIX ALSO AVAILABLE AT TICKETMASTER

music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

Know what commercial I love? That one where it shows a hill around sunset and then that Bob Seger song, "Like A Rock," starts playing and a Hummer drives over the top and then a bunch of US soldiers pile out and start shooting Iraqis and then they have a barbeque and there's an airburst and everybody enjoys a cold Bud and watches the symphony of lights in the sky.

Wait. I think I'm getting confused. I mean the one where there's a party and it sucks because everyone's drinking the generic beer and there's no vibe going on and everyone's ho-hum, until the window gets smashed in by a bunch of rappelling marines who lay down a layer of suppressing fire and order everyone down on the floor and then the party totally gets going.

Fuck, I don't think that one happened exactly like that, either. See, that's the problem with advertising—it's too close to propaganda, and what with there being a war on, I've been exposed to too much of both over the past couple of weeks.

Like Operation McFlurry Justice, for instance, when the troops are dispatched with a payload of delicious Easter Crème Egg McFlurries to dispense to the poor people of the Middle East who are being ruled by an evil (yet comical) despot who denies his people large amounts of refined sugar until Grimace bursts down through a skylight and gives him a McFlurry of his own and he's content. Everyone wins, roll theme, happy ending.

I mean, geez, it's hard not to get the ads and propaganda confused sometimes. They operate in more or less the same space on people's mental maps. One's selling product and the other's selling an idea. In fact, check this out—this pretty much reiterates what I'm saying:

"Advertising is promotion for something physical, indeed for something specific. Advertising serves the economy, or particular areas, purposes and tasks. Advertising praises goods. Propaganda spreads an idea. Propaganda serves only politics.

The two have in common an organized set of methods—often different ones—which 'result in the acceptance or fulfillment of the needs they present.' Both use agitators, though in recent years the term has come to have a thoroughly political meaning.

It would be erroneous to attempt to draw a value judgment from the difference outlined here."

Know when that was written? 1934. Know where it was printed? *Unser Wille und Weg*, that "ahead-of-its-time" German monthly for Nazi propagandists. And if it was true then, apparently it's true now, since almost every spin doctor or ad director since has adhered to the general principles concocted by Joseph Goebbels and his Ministry of Propaganda. The question, though, is whether we're in a place anymore where we can differentiate between moral right and wrong when it comes to advertising and matters of the heart. If the principles emerged from an evil conception, can we divorce ourselves from them and make a new start? I doubt it. We've been programmed too well. We don't want to know information about the things we buy anymore. We want an attitude. Sure, there was a point awhile ago where advertising actually tried to impart some information about the products it was pushing, but those days are dead and gone.

Like Operation McFlurry Justice, for instance, when the troops are dispatched with a payload of delicious Easter Crème Egg McFlurries to dispense to the poor people of the Middle East who are being ruled by an evil (yet comical) despot who denies his people large amounts of refined sugar until Grimace bursts down through a skylight and gives him a McFlurry of his own and he's content.

Which reminds me of that commercial where the grandpa is drinking a tall glass of lemonade and he's remembering back to a time when he was out shopping with his wife and a vacuum cleaner salesman completely convinced them to buy the latest, most amazing vacuum, so they did and when they got home he checked the mail and found out he'd been drafted and was so excited and he kissed his wife and they hugged. What a proud day; what a day to buy a vacuum. Hold on, that doesn't sound right. Good use of nostalgia, though.

And nowadays, if it doesn't speak to your sense of nostalgia or evoke some kind of emotional response, advertising has failed before it's begun. And if you don't believe me, think on this: war thrives on nostalgia and emotion, and war is nothing if not big business. The industrial contracts that come from wartime are immense, and the coffers associated with it tend to grow at a exponential rate. Compare with this: in 1998, Coca-Cola's advertising budget was $1.6 billion. Without question, advertising is war, and there's no peacetime. Our hearts and minds are the enemy and every ad agency in America has a campaign leveled against them. On top of that, we have become so numbed to the state of our souls under wartime that, like soldiers who come back from the battlefield and cannot adjust, we no longer know how to live without constant bombardment. We've never known peace. And we can't go back. How could we? Everybody is selling something and if it's not a refreshing soft drink or hundred-dollar coffee-table book, then it's the latest diet or way of life. Come on—we need that stuff! What would we do without it?! What does it do? Fucked if I know, but it was on TV so we'd better order three of them in the next five minutes or risk losing this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to buy this state-of-the-art product that will increase the prestige of not only ourselves but everyone that knows us or comes within a hundred-foot radius of us.

I mean, do we ultimately want to know what the general effectiveness of the Swiffer actually is? No, we want to know that it will impart a new feeling of freedom to us and that our men in the armed forces will use them in a Bob Fosse-esque musical number as they clean their barracks, scouring them free of dust and dirt and the evils associated with places other than our own country and way of life.

Wait, hold on. No, no I think I got that one right. The horror... the fucking horror. •

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

Bush accused Iraq of engaging in a "willful charade" with U.N. inspectors by hiding weapons of mass destruction—CNN, 07.03.03

Even if we don't find it, we know it's there—even if we know you don't have it: you've got it. Just like the Primal Scene, God, and Jimmy Hoffa's body. Nevermind that we *do* know that the US *has* such weapons, and that the Bush Government is launching an unjust and dirty war without UN permission nor a formal declaration of war; that we *do* know that the US was convicted with war crimes in its invasion and interference with Nicaragua by the International Court of Justice in 1984, and that the US response was to *disobey and ignore international law* (RIP the withdrawal from the Kyoto Protocol), and that Bush #1 used pressure techniques in pushing Nicaragua to drop the case in 1990 "in exchange for aid" (usually we call this bribery and blackmail); that Henry Kissinger has been indicted for *war crimes* by Chile (note the US attempts at persuading Chile have failed up to this point), and still sits as the primary investigator of 9-11; that the current US President, Bush #2, by all accounts, was not voted into office but leveraged the polling system with the power of lawyers. <http://www.gwu.edu/~jaysmith/Nicaragua.html>

At the beginning of the 21st Century, a global turf slaughter... Although as we go to print we are on the eve of further bloodshed, we are also witnessing the rise of the UN and the rebirth of a global peace movement. *Viva La France*. 250, 000 in Montréal, Saturday, March 15th and millions the world over—and the Bush Government is still trying to persuade a suspicious Homeland of the World with *forged documents* and DoubleSpeak name changes: *Freedom Tickler*, anyone? But who knows how this dangerous oil opera will play out its lethal game by the time these words grace the dirty ink of DiSCORDER.
<http://slate.msn.com/id/2080166/>

Signs of the Times: Empire On the Rise

In *Empire*, Michael Hardt and Antonion Negri argue that US Imperialism cannot be equaled to "Empire"—the global, multinational order of power. The thesis has been hotly debated, although recent events seem to signify a split between the agents of corporate globalisation and Bush Government policy. When the March 24th edition of *Businessweek.com* offered a commentary by Bruce Nussbaum asserting that "The U.S. has already lost the prewar battle over Iraq," and that "The failure of the Bush Administration to manage its diplomacy is staggering, and the price paid, even if the war ends quickly, could be higher than anyone now anticipates," it was an open letter from the international business community to the US: War is Bad for the Bottom Line. A tactics of anti-war becomes a double-strategy: dissidents may find strange bedfellows in the business community. Perhaps this is an opportunity to attempt communication with such partners, although this shouldn't be bought at the expense of lessening the critique of unmonitored, inhumane and environmentally destructive capital-driven globalisation. Being antiwar does not mean being anti-American.

What If...?

What If the US falls? How would it happen? A violent twist—some anthrax here, a dirty suitcase nuke there, and then a retreat of forces to military bases and to Washington and the financial centres, leaving the peripheries to degenerate like East LA and Philly. Armed enclaves in the South turn trigger-happy and perfect the art of picking off overweight SUV-driving consumers no longer able to find an operational McDonalds. Alaska melds into Canada while the military defends privately-held oil operations. Hawaii becomes closed to all civilian traffic while old ICBM missile silos and chemical research plants are abandoned in unsustainable parts of the continent. "Silo Thieves" make their way to the US to scavenge radioactive ores and biochemicals for "have not" countries and terrorist cells. Israel takes out Palestince; Palestine lets loose its own reserve and the region becomes uninhabitable for the next 10, 000 years. Canada begins looking mighty attractive—acres upon acres of unused land, while the Mexican BorderZone becomes a private slave-labour factory-centre to sustain an elite economy. Meanwhile, US embassies and corporations become targets worldwide, and the EU consolidates itself as Fortress Europe.

Do we want this to happen? The Fall of the US? Apocalyptic or not, no one would desire such a scenario: it would spell the end of much more than problematic US Imperialism. Sustaining a *workable* capitalism, whatever socialist-enviro-direct democracy scenario one aims for, is the double-edge to any strategy of dissent. A double-edge that is playing itself out in the globalisation of peace rallies. The differentiation between peace rallies in the "West" and the "East" is evident. Whereas in the West the aim is a peaceful resolution, it is rarely pro-dictatorship. In the East, the same strategy is often used to *support* authoritarian structures. Although some would like to believe we are facing a "clash of civilizations," we must own up to the fact that theological structures *everywhere* must be undone with the greatest caution—including Bush's own pleas to God.

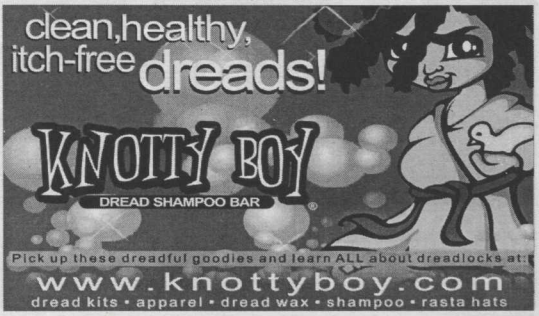
The Speaking Spectre of Nixon

After all attempts the of Hunter S. Thompson to bury Nixon to the contrary, his *spirit* lives on in the rhetoric of the US Government. After Dr. Hans Blix's careful and studied report on Iraq, Colin Powell's response was as intelligent as the anti-French sentiments hurled at French golfer Thomas Levet on the PGA green in Miami and against Francophone communities in Louisiana. All of which gestures to an ignorance of the outside world that is as dangerous as any fundamentalist religious group. Despite living in an often violent urban society, Westerners are sheltered to the realities of war and true bloodshed on a mass scale.

War Is An Acknowledgement of Failure

"There may be some who believe that these problems can be resolved by force, thereby creating a new order. But this is not what France believes. On the contrary, we believe that the use of force can arouse resentment and hatred, fuel a clash of identities and of cultures, something that our generation has a prime responsibility to avoid. [...] And force is certainly not the best way of bringing about democracy. Here and elsewhere it would encourage dangerous instability. [...] War is an acknowledgement of failure." — French Foreign Minister Dominique de Villepin

In Memorium Rachel Corrie. •



fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

Let's face the facts. Your band is bad. It's the sad truth. But WAIT! Don't cry, just yet.

It's a FACT that 97.6% of the bands in the history of music have been bad. It's a FACT that 68.2% of those bad bands have gained fans, fame, and respect despite the FACT that they were horrific. It doesn't matter how bad your band is so long as you can incorporate the following moves into your act. These are the secrets to stardom.

1. THE EYEBALL ROLL. This complicated move is strictly for the ladies. It must be done delicately in order to prevent the eyeballs from rolling back too far. When you are playing your upbeat, rockin' future hit single, take care to roll your eyeballs back slightly. Choose a corner above and to the left of your head. Stare at this corner during the verse, and bat your eyelashes when you switch to the chorus. The point is not to roll your eyeballs to make a full rotation. The point is to look cute. Think "Coy," not "Oh boy."

2. THE TWIRLING GUN. This move must correspond to the lyrics in your songs, so first, you have to write some songs that include the words "mind," "head," or "crazy." Every time you sing one of those magical words, you need to point to your temple as if your hand were a gun, and make a circular motion. If you're feeling extra wild, you can combine The Twirling Gun and The Eyeball Roll.

The idea is that you are attempting to grab God's balls. By gripping and pulling, you are trying to imagine the sound that God might make if you were actually able to reach his balls.

3. REACHING FOR GOD'S BALLS. You should save this move for the most powerful moments in your music. Originally, this technique was used to help singers reach high notes. Raising one's arm helps inflate the diaphragm. Pulling down slowly helps control exhalation. Gripping the air with one's fist is purely a symbolic gesture. In essence, the idea is that you are attempting to grab God's balls. By gripping and pulling, you are trying to imagine the sound that God might make if you were actually able to reach his balls. That enchanting sound then comes out of your own mouth. (Extra Tip: Before you pull down the balls, twist.)

4. CLAPPING. All of the moves above may isolate you from your audience. You may seem unreachable, like a star in the crying sky. By clapping along to your songs, you're doing something that your fans can do too. When they see the Eyeball Roll/Twirling Gun combo, they think, "Whoa, that is amazing. I wish I could do that." But they can't. It's just too hard. •

vancouver special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

July Fourth Toilet
Something for Everyone
(Pro-Am)

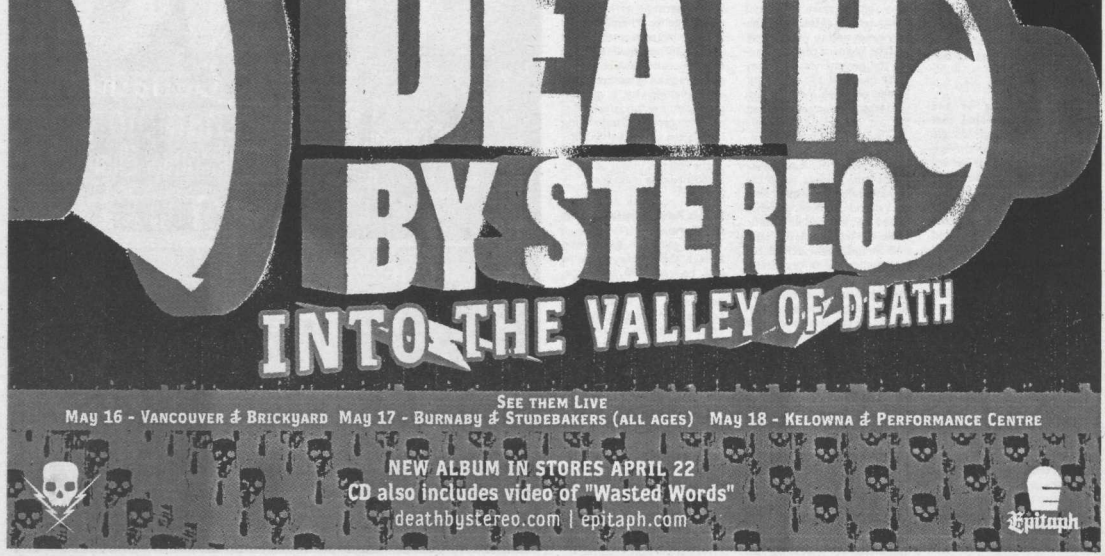
Let's start with the title. There are people who cringe and turn green when they hear off-key vocals, and this CD is not for them. There are other people who push the eject button as soon as something muddy-sounding comes through their speakers, and this isn't for them either. Then there are the folks who want earnest, thoughtful and sincere music, and **July Fourth Toilet** is definitely a band they'll want to avoid. Because, as everyone must know by now, JFT is not about production values or good pitch or being serious. (Although their songs definitely do have messages. Just listen.) Instead, *Something for Everyone* is full of weird and goofy musical references to all kinds of weird and goofy things, with musicianship and recording quality that ranges from the "who-gives-a-fuck" to the really quite good. The CD is actually pretty fun, especially if your idea of fun is the kind of soundtrack you might hear if you fell asleep watching "The 5000 Fingers of Dr T" (a Dr. Seuss movie) and then had a nightmare about **The Beatles**' *Yellow Submarine*. And, speaking of The Beatles, it's hard not to sing along with the final track, the six minute anthem, "One Day Is Representative of Our Time Together."

<julyfourthtoilet@yahoo.com>

The Excessives
S/T
(Longshot Music)

The thing about **The Excessives** is that the best and worst aspects of this CD are exactly the same. Because the band plays such loud, fast, stripped-down punk, you could argue that you've heard this kind of thing a hundred times before. On the other hand, what's wrong with stripped-down punk, and why would it need changing? Then there's the singer Shad's voice, which is a thick, steady, masculine yell, and his vocal style, which values volume and sheer force over melodic elements or (often) discernible lyrics. This means that you don't get the catchy tunes, wit, or intellectual punch of old-school bands like **The Pistols** or **The Avengers**, say, but you do get a good bit of energy. The CD will certainly inspire someone's mum or dad to yell, "This is just noise!" which is also either a good or bad thing, depending on how you look at it. The disc includes videos of the band performing three songs live (one introduced by the inimitable Paul McKenzie). Best of all, there's a very well-chosen cover that will leap out at any fan of olden days punk rock (including, perhaps, some of those pissed-off mums and dads): **The Simpletones**' "I Like Drugs." •

<www.longshotmusic.com>
<theexcessives@hotmail.com>



over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

Image Is Everything: Reality Television and Minor League Wrestling

I could begin this month's navel-gazing exercise with a titillating anecdote about rocking a barely legal porn ensemble at a friend's housewarming party. Though I do want to explore the concept of image, I won't sport with your intelligence by relating a story about my night out. Instead, let's talk television. One of my roommates took advantage of an offer for two months of free digital cable and since the installation, I haven't left my apartment. Because I work from home this isn't hard to do. During my time in quarantine (did I mention I had pinkeye?), I even got CDs delivered to my door: Burquitlam Plaza's *Big on Fall/Sing! Burquitlam, Sing!* occupies my non-tv watching hours. I figured, "Why maintain a life when people inside a large black box are living out my fantasies and nightmares for me?" Good television centres on desire, of wanting what we cannot have, of wanting more.

Speaking of wanting more, I am addicted to reality television. There's something about the way people present themselves when they know they have an audience that fascinates me. Whether the show is about courtship, fame or fortune (*Joe Millionaire*, *American Idol*, *Survivor*), the contestants are always on their most flamboyant behaviour. The extremes of television editing mould each individual into The Shy Girl, The Bitch, The Brain, The Socially Inept, The God-Given Talent. Under such conditions, some women decide they have to play the mother figure or the vixen. Some men think that they have to maintain an aura of strength because everyone knows that boys don't cry. And as audiences, we play Santa: has the contestant been naughty or nice? Do we like the way she does her hair or the way he shapes his beard? At times, the producers of such shows give us the power to alter the program's outcome: dial this 1-800 number or log onto that website to make your vote count. We live in a democracy after all, and our entertainment should reflect our lofty ideals.

For weeks, I simply adored all the contrived suffering that flashed before me on these shows. There were crises every week: whether one should walk on a bed of broken glass for a chance at fifty thousand dollars or accept a diamond promise ring from a liar. Then the war broke out. Reality television indeed. Suddenly there was nowhere to escape to. It's hard to care that two strangers might be married by America when hundreds of strangers are being missiled by America.

As that miniature Bush dude re-enacts his father's glory days, it's quite clear that the un-cola ads that claim that "Image Is Nothing" are pretty far off the mark. For image is everything: in today's world, a media event can do without sound bytes but not without pictures and television footage. This month I can't help but roll

ONE RING CIRCUS
Extreme Wrestling in the Minor Leagues

out the red carpet for clichés: seeing is believing, if a tree falls in the forest and no one videotapes it... you get the picture.

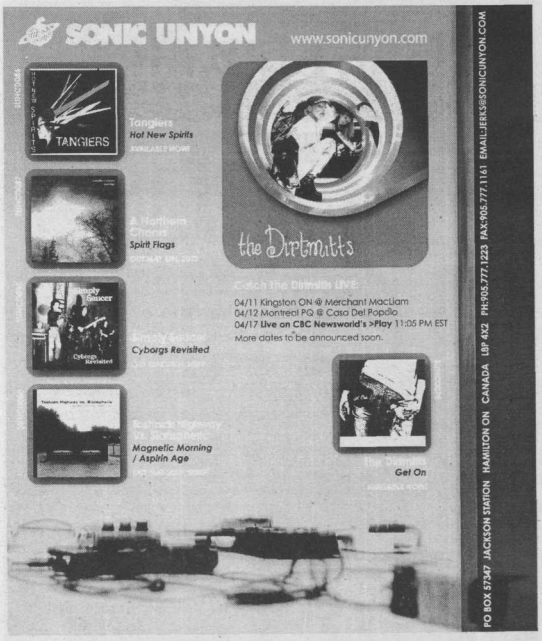
BRIAN HOWELL
One Ring Circus: Extreme Wrestling in the Minor Leagues
(Arsenal Pulp Press)

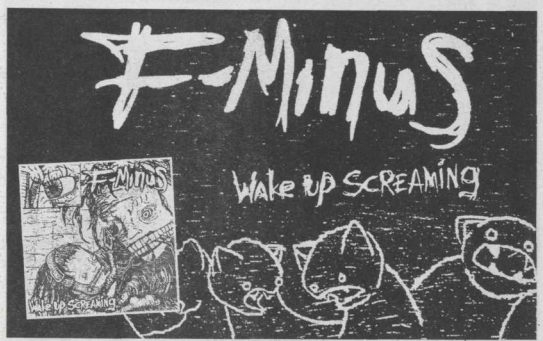
We are often told not to judge a book by its cover, but the cover of the photographic book *One Ring Circus* says more than an essay could or character reference could: it rules. If we're going to get technical as to why the cover is a testament to the fact that the book is excellent, let me refer to Stephen Osborne's introduction: "On the cover of this book, a heavyset man holding a soft drink pauses before the camera after a match: he seems merely to have to present himself to the lens for everything to be revealed. In this image nothing has been captured, or snatched from the passing flux: the image and the moment have duration, as do all moments in wrestling and in all spectacles of excess." Wrestling, Osborne tells us, has endured for at least five thousand years. Why? At the entertainment level, it is a representation of the struggle between good and evil. A soap opera for the ages.

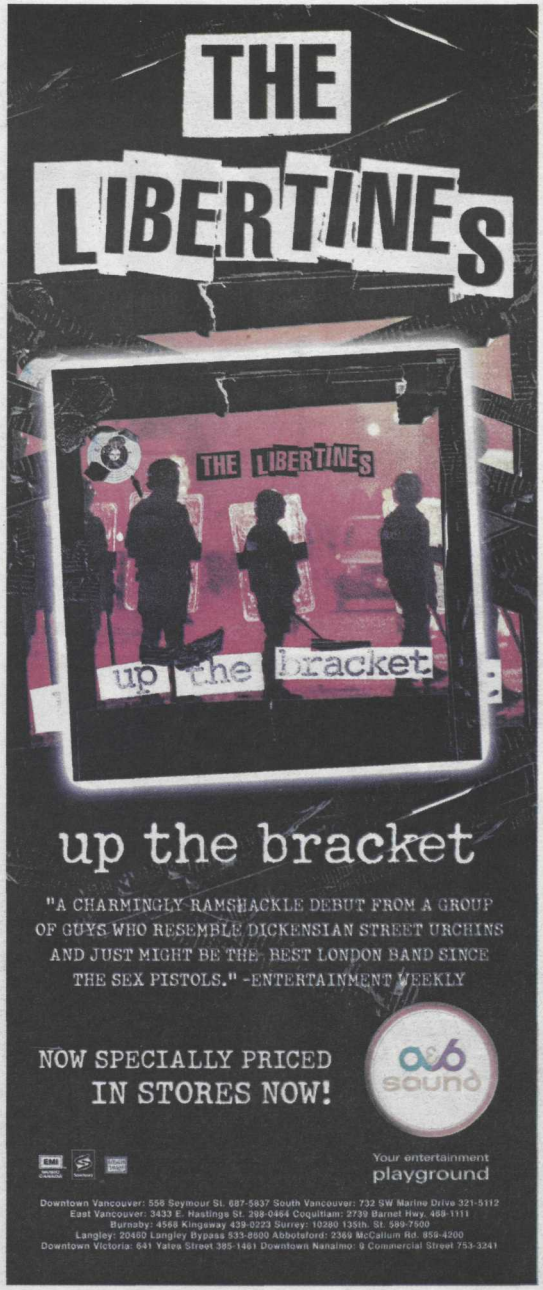
Who do you think of when the word "wrestler" is said? There are Olympic wrestlers. The national gold medal poster boys are not the subjects of *One Ring Circus*. There's also Hulk Hogan and my favourite wrestler of all time The Rock (I mean, have you seen *The Mummy Returns* and *The Scorpion King*? Total genius.) Their pictures don't appear in Brian Howell's text, which is subtitled *Extreme Wrestling in the Minor Leagues*.

If Olympic wrestlers are like classical musicians, and WWE's elite are akin to rock stars, then minor league wrestlers are like indie rockers: they're doing what they do for love, not money. And like indie rockers, minor league wrestlers have a lo-fi image to maintain. It takes some pancake makeup, a little real blood, and a lot of hard work to establish a presence in the minor leagues of wrestling. The documentation of the minor league wrestling is important because it captures what the everyday person is capable of: the wrestler who is really the boy or girl next door and not a multi-millionaire propped up by endorsement deals, agents, and managers.

In the pages of *One Ring Circus*, Howell presents photographs of wrestlers with accompanying text. The stars of this circuit have names like Johnny Canuck, Giggolo Steve Rizzono, Backyard Billy, Disco Fury, and Beautiful Bruce. They have day jobs as loans officers and movers. They have spouses and children. Yet they risk life-threatening injuries to provide folks in the suburbs and small towns with a little live entertainment. Some of the wrestlers are looking for careers in the WWE, but others aspire to nothing more than putting on a good show and to make a connection with the audience. After reading the book and looking at the pictures, I wanted to attend a minor league wrestling match and become a full-time fan. Osborne ends his introduction with the words "wrestling endures." Here I end with "images endure." •







road worn and weary

Tour Diaries

THE ORGAN
Tour Diaries Feb/March, 2003
by Jenny Smith

Day 1: Vancouver International Airport, 9:30pm.
We are in a bar called Cheers, which I think is supposed to be a re-creation of the place in the TV show, except our waitress doesn't know our names. She does know that we like moist towelettes, though—this is the fourth time we've asked for them.

Oh man, Katie has just picked up some random baby. I guess she doesn't grasp the concept that you can't do that in airports these days. I am trying not to think about being nervous by focusing on missing my boyfriend. "Boo" and "woo" at the same time.

Day 2: Somewhere in Southern Ontario, 8:07pm.
Oh, Holy Smokes! This is exactly out of a "B" horror movie. I feel like I am trapped in *The Legend of Zelda*, except in a white van.

For crying out loud, it's been over three hours driving from Toronto to Guelph, and we are still lost. No offence to Lill, the promoter in Guelph, but she shouldn't be allowed to give directions. Ever. I am sure that when she wrote this out, she just looked at the Road Atlas, picked random highways and backroads out of the index, wrote them down, and finished it with "and park out in front the club."

Okay, we just pulled in to get directions from an Egyptian-style Gentleman's Club (strip joint).

I had to get out of there. It was too freaky, and it is too cold outside.

Can I just remark how cold it is here? I literally thought I was going to die when I stepped out of the airport this morning at 6:00am, bare ankles exposed from the legs of my thin satin pants. Have I mentioned that I haven't slept? 'Cause I feel like I am dreaming right now. A long feverish nightmare. Everything keeps repeating.

Why do they put the exit sign after the exit?

If we get to play our first show tonight, I will... I don't know, not kill myself?

Chad Kroeger trolls for babes.

like those from University of Waterloo.

We're going to London today and I am so excited. Our friend Erin is in Toronto right now and she's going to come do merch. Yay.

Day 4: London, 2:48pm.
Okay. We're finally all loaded and in the van. I am so relieved to be reunited with the band and our gear, and moving.

See, after the show we all split up. Ashley went to stay with her friend Toby; Katie, Erin and Shelby went to stay with Maureen and Dominique (who has a talking bird, apparently) from The Chevy Project.

Deb and I went with Chris, the mastermind who controls

Jenny perches on a Toronto rooftop.

Day 3: Jane's house in Toronto, the floor, 2:20pm.
Ah! Good morning! I feel just like a fresh pile of dry sticks.

Jane's place here is so nice. She and her roommate, Other Jane, have such good taste in decor, and it all goes so nicely with this well-kept hardwood floor that I got to sleep on last night. But it is warm.

That show ended up being fun last night. The boy who opened for us, Matt Barber, was so endearing. And we got along very well with all the other kids,

all the Sega sequencers they use in the Chevy Project. That's real Sega, like Sonic the Hedgehog-style.

His house supported my conception of his being a mastermind. It was rad—so many cool things: vintage furniture, mass records, comfy beds, good movies (that we watched), treats, comfy beds, cute pets, comfy beds. He even made us breakfast and took us record shopping. He told Maureen that we'd meet up at the record store at 12:30, and then all go to the Gravity Room (the club) to collect our gear and meet Ashley.

Unfortunately, Maureen didn't inform the others of this until 12:40, while they were in the middle of breakfast across town. Yeah. So by the time they all showed up, we were... bored. And late.

We had an interview at 2:00 at the McMaster radio station, but we moved it to 4:00. Oh man. But we're on our way now. We've just got to stop at Western University, so that Katie can look at her old residence, Saugeen, really quick.

Day 4: Jane's, 11:40pm.
I am so glad that I have a bunch of time to walk around Toronto. I have been missing city walking lately, and I'm kind of feeling like I need some health food. Last night in Hamilton, I literally got food poisoning from a salad. Yumm! Everyone got sick. You should have seen the colour of Shelby's gravy. No wonder they call it Canada's Armpit. In fact, it actually made me homesick for my neighbourhood, the Downtown Eastside.

But The Underground was an awesome club. It was about

the size of the old Starfish Room, but the crowd was like at The Pic, and they had a nice stage. And the people are nice there. They bought me drinks, and rocked out. And we met The Snitches, who we played with, and it was fun.

Okay, big show tonight. Ashley's brother Ryan has made video for our visuals, and I am pretty stoked.

Day 6: The Grand Hotels and Suites, Toronto, 2:20pm.
Well, I didn't write for a while, but since the last time I did, everything went right over the top.

For one, the show at The Horseshoe was amazing. It was just packed and surging with energy, and there were so many friends there.

Randy Iwata flew out from home, and so did some other good Vancouver buddies, like the dudes from Chinatown. And then with all the people from Toronto that I hardly get to see, like Joel Gibb from the Hidden Cameras. It was like a big party.

I really liked Tangiers, The Meligrove Band and Cheerleader, so I got to dance in between the chaos. Anyway, what happened in the end is that we hooked-up with Chad Kroeger, the guy from Nickelback who is also the other half of 604, the label that is putting out our record with Mint. So he started reminiscing about how our road trip was just like what he used to do with his band back in the day, and how it was so tough. And now, since he has money, he decided to help us out and put us up in this deluxe hotel for the time we're in Toronto (until Wednesday).

So, now it's Monday, and I have just finished my morning swim and complimentary buffet breakfast, so I am feeling all right. Deb and I agree: these beds are second only to Steve Bays of Hot Hot Heat's bed, which he is so kind to lend to us when we play Victoria. He has the most comfortable bed in the world.

Day 7: Toronto, 3:30pm.
Okay. Actually, everything has taken a turn for the worse. Katie and Shelby are so sick they can't even get out of bed. It is from the weather. Everyone has it, but those two have it the worst. I am not going out at all today until I have to. If that crew from LA is still here making the music video, it will be just fun to hang out here. Last night, Katie went down to the lounge, and they all started buying her drinks, and she was all "west side" and putting her hands like so.

Day 8: Toronto, 8:30pm.
Now, we're in Peterborough at The Night Kitchen where they have pizzas with all kinds of things on them—even a vegan tofu kind with a crust thin as a Trojan. I am all about this place. They're playing Frankie Goes to Hollywood. And The Trasheteria looks like a cool club.

Day 9: Ontario East, 4:11pm.
I hate doughnuts! I hate all Tim Horton's products. Except coffee. But I do hate the "Roll Up The Rim To Win" cups. I just won 15% off slide processing at Japan Camera with the purchase of a digital camera. Fantastic...or, I mean, fantastique. I forgot. I am so excited because we just stopped at a francophone rest area. Everyone spoke French! That is so rad I don't even care how silly I acted last night at The Trash. (They have Britpop/eighties night downstairs after the show on Wednesdays!) Brother. Shelby got a psycho-stalker and he followed her around staring all night. Creepy!

There is an actual French road sign! Wheeeee!

Day 10: Le 417, 4:30pm.
I just had the best croissant I have ever tasted. This has been the best 24 hours of the trip. Well, actually, I can't rank it, but it was soooo good. Even this morning, when Katie nearly barfed from the virus and we sat trapped in the most ridiculous traffic jam ever, it still ruled. It was so funny, because every single vehicle in the line (except ours) had a hand with a lit cigarette hanging out the window. Montreal is so beautiful, and all the people—gorgeous. The opening bands for our show—geniuses. Echo Kitty—everyone, you should listen to them. They will change your life. You will instantly have more style and better dance moves. And then if you go to Montreal, you can use them in an all-night dance club like The Jupiter Room, where we went dancing with our BC buddies, Warren and Wozzle. We didn't make it all night, though, so I got a chance to call home and tell Chris and Mar how much fun it is here. Shelby wouldn't stop singing "Jenny From The Block." Total good times. Except the virus. Owwie.

Katie makes a new special friend.

Day 10: The Merchant MacLiam, 11:30pm.
I am in Kingston, and it is so freaky.

We pulled up to the "Merchant MacLiam" to find out that it is one of those traditional English-style pubs. Like where they serve fish and chips. They even have a petition to make St. Patrick's day a national holiday. I am all for that and everything, but I don't really think it's quite the vibe we go for, know what I'm saying?

As it happens, however, these folks are super nice. They gave us a huge two-floor accommodation to stay in, and fed us, and got us to sign a picture for their band room. They also had one by locals Black Rice, and the famous Great Big Sea.

The crowd was a mix between kids from Queens, guys from the army, and people like my aunt and uncle having dinner. Onstage, Katie rocked a tea in one hand and a Guinness in the other.

Now I am in the room and it's kind of creeping me out. There's this stuffed crow that keeps watching me. I think this place is old.

Day 12: The 401, 8:40 am.
This seems unsafe. There was a huge blizzard last night, and now we are driving back to Toronto. Everyone is asleep except me and Katie, and we are so tired. We got only two hours sleep last night, and it was just so bizarre that it seems like a completely different dimension than this.

We played Zaphod Beeblebrox's in Ottawa, which was a good show in a normal club resembling a cross between the Brickyard and the old Luvafair. It was full and fun. Another case of clubnight afterwards, where they played electro/eighties. We met a whack of new friends and danced our asses off. This army guy Jean Luc, from Kingston, came out too, which is only the beginning.

It was snowing so hard we decided to stay in a hotel. We went halfers with Jean Luc, and decided to go to this place called the Chateau Laurier. It was extreme. It was like a castle. It was nice.

We went to bed at five. We got up at seven. The front desk thought Ashley was Jean Luc's wife. I don't know why. Now we are on a six-lane highway, and there are only two lanes working.

I can't believe this is almost over. I feel like I could go on indefinitely now. I am not ready to think of home yet. There are about 17 more hours to get through first. I've got to stay awake.

Day 12: The Airplane, 9:40pm.
Last chance for Tim Horton's! Just kidding. I can't believe we actually did it. •

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riff raff

by Bryce Dunn

Good day, noble vinyl-appreciating citizens! Spring is now here, and with the birth of a new season comes the birth of budget rawk! 'Tis true, I tell you, the sounds of birds happily chirping have been replaced with the squawking of many-a-teenager raising a ruckus in seedy dives and cemeteries across the Northwest. As is the case with our first pair of merrymakers, **Thee Flying Dutchmen** and **The Zombie 4**! Providing the pulsing backbeat to exotic lounges is an everyday job for our Dutchmen, and the primitive recording of their four track EP. *Live At The South King County Devil's Club*, invites the listeners into a world of depravity, cheesy keyboard bashing and a frenzied frat-stomp that just won't quit—just like the body of cover girl Fifi La Rue! "Stumbling Bear" is the hit on this platter, with a bass line that will have you movin' and groovin' in no time! The Zombie 4 creates such a ruckus on their four-song slop-fest that even the dead shake outta their coffins and a monster mash ensues in every crypt they kick. The party starts with "Zombie!" a little re-working of the **Link Wray** tune "Comanche!" then blasts into "Linda Lou," a song that **The Kingsmen** would be proud to hear. Then "Chinny Chin Chin", and the signature dance move that requires no movement at all, "Do The Corpse." I'm dead tired from all that dancing! (Boom Boom Records, 20720 S.E. 192nd St., Renton, WA USA 98058).

Better call for first aid, 'cuz there's more shimmying to do with **Arthur Lee** (that's right kids!). Before he got hip to **The Byrds**' trip and wrote "My Little Red Book" and "Signed D.C.," he got down and dirty in a couple of combos, **The American Four** and **The Pomona Casuals**, who busted out boogaloo and R&B blasters like "Luci Baines," his **Isley Brothers** tribute, and "Everybody Jerk." It wasn't 'til later on when the highs of psychedelia and *Revolver* changed the sound and style of Arthur Lee and made him one of the legends of sixties garage rock as he is known today. (Munster Records, www.munster-records.com). Well after gushing like a giddy schoolgirl over **The Exploding Hearts** in last month's column, how fortunate am I to do it AGAIN as they've just released another seven inch on Pelado Records (521 W.Wilson #103 Costa Mesa, CA USA 92627). "Modern Kicks" leads things off with a slightly slower version than the one contained on their full length *Guitar Romantic* (stop whatever you're doing right now and go buy this record. I'll understand if you don't read the rest of my ramblings. It's ok really, go on...), but no less potent, with its **Buzzcocks**-inspired groove, and the flipside "Busy Signals" is a heart-wrenching power pop ballad that stresses the pop without getting too sweet for your taste buds. My job here is done, carry on audiophiles! •

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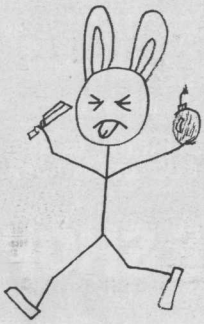

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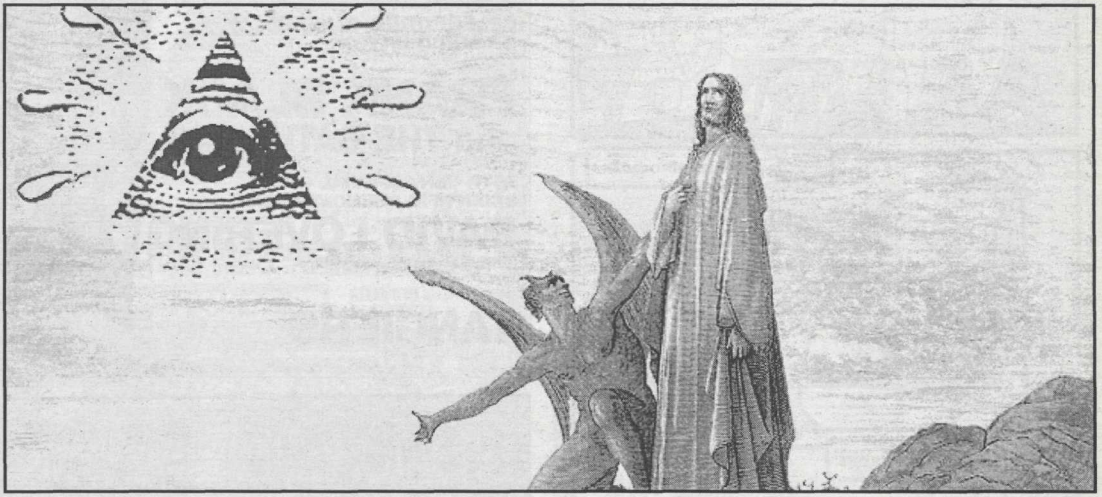


THE LAST TEMPTATION OF LASN: "And the Devil said to Kalle, 'Look unto what I can offer you. In return you must just embrace advertising.' But Kalle turned from the Devil and said unto him in return, 'No, Satan. I have a coffee-table book to design.'"

Epiphany 1a. A Christian feast celebrating the manifestation of the divine nature of Jesus to the Gentiles as represented by the Magi. **b.** January 6, on which this feast is traditionally observed. **2.** A revelatory manifestation of a divine being. **3a.** A sudden manifestation of the essence or meaning of something. **b.** A comprehension or perception of reality by means of a sudden intuitive realization."

—*The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language:* Fourth Edition. 2000.

"Prophetic utterance, like poetic utterance, transforms experience and moves the receiver to new attitudes. The kinds of experience—the recognitions or revelations—out of which both prophecy and poetry emerge, are such as to stir the prophet or poet to speech that may exceed their own known capacities; they are "inspired," they breathe in revelation and breathe out new words; and by so doing they transfer over to the listener or reader a parallel experience, a parallel intensity, which impels that person into new attitudes and new actions."

—Denise Levertov. "Poetry, Prophecy, Survival," *New and Selected Essays, New Directions* (1992).

Adbusters. You've probably seen it—pretty and glossy, barely distinguishable from the neighbouring art magazines on the rack. Open it up and you may or may not be aware that you're flipping through one of the most high-profile voices of the culture jamming revolution.

San Francisco sound collage artists Negativland are credited with coining the term "culture jam" in the 1980s. The practice of parodying and subverting corporate advertising, of course, goes back much further: at least as far as the first time some kid blacked out teeth on a Coca-Cola ad. Culture jamming, of course, steps beyond mere pranksterism into the realm of a full-blown political movement.

Adbusters magazine rose to fame during the '90s as the self-appointed "house organ" of the culture jamming scene. What started as a modest magazine with local distribution has exploded into a slick, high-gloss machine which has, arguably, achieved its own brand distinction and international empire. In its current form, *Adbusters* sometimes seems difficult to distinguish from some of the trendy corporations it loves to parody. Naomi Klein, in her best-seller *No Logo*, devotes a good portion of her chapter on culture jamming to dismissing the importance of *Adbusters* as a force of political change.

As in many movements, other factions have formed to work towards the similar end of subverting Corporate America. New York zine *Stay Free!*, for example, successfully combines satirical advertising with well-developed and substantial written commentary, and Guerilla Media, a local group of activists, target the mainstream media with spoofs of *The National Post* and *The Vancouver Sun*.

But nowhere on the culture jamming spectrum is there a spokesperson like *Adbusters'* Kalle Lasn. Highly articulate, gregarious, and adept at the sound bite, a conversation with the former documentary filmmaker can feel eerily like stepping into a Tony Robbins infomercial or an Amway meeting. Without a doubt, he wants to be your guide through the storm-infested waters of the culture jam. In his own words, here are some of his revelations.

GENESIS

In 1989, according to *Adbusters'* Culture Jammers Network newsletter, Kalle Lasn tried unsuccessfully to purchase TV airtime for an ad critiquing the forest industry. Refusing to be stymied, Lasn, together with friend Bill Schmalz, took action. That same year, they founded the non-profit Adbusters Media Foundation and published Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Adbusters*. Still, the roots of rebellion stretch back far beyond this relatively recent point.

Born in Estonia, Lasn lived in various displaced-person camps during his childhood. After much world travel he settled in Vancouver in 1970.

"I met a guy in Panama who started waxing poetic about Vancouver. He invited me over once when I was shooting around in my Volkswagen bus, and as soon as I arrived in Vancouver, I had a feeling. I was looking for some sort of an anchor for my life, and I found it here."

After his West Coast arrival, he made documentaries for a good portion of the next two decades, mostly for PBS and the National Film Board.

"I've given up making one hour documentaries like I used to, but for the last 15 years, I've been making 30-second and one-minute documentaries. For me, one of the reasons I shifted away from making big documentaries is that, as a director of a big documentary, you don't have much power. You finish up being in the hands of the big money people, the executive producers, and they would try to influence the content of your documentary. If you want to be too radical, then you won't get a budget, and basically the whole documentary genre has run out of steam in terms of being a real, activist activity."

"I feel that our 15-second, 30-second, one-minute mind bombs are way more effective than most of the documentaries I see now. Now with Adbusters TV we're getting into two to five minute documentaries, or epiphanies, or whatever you want to call them. We're learning how to create longer and longer mind bombs. I don't know exactly what the future is, but somehow working in that same visual language that I used to make documentaries, I mean, that's still alive. I do that every day."

THE "BURNING BUSH"

"Many of the group that I was hanging around were filmmakers, and we saw those ads put out by the BC Council of Forest Industries, and they were telling British Columbians what a great job they were doing managing their forests. 'Forests Forever.' That made a few of us so angry that we came up with our own 30-second TV spot. When we tried to buy airtime for it, they refused to sell us any airtime.

"It was this moment, this epiphany of realizing that there's no democracy on the television airwaves—that the forest industry is welcome there, but Kalle Lasn isn't—this is the moment of truth for me, one of the great epiphanies of my life, where I basically

gave up everything that I did and decided to become a mental environmentalist, a mental warrior."

VANCOUVER: THE NEW MECCA

"Vancouver is, in my opinion, the very best place to launch a global activist movement. I can't think of a better place. You're sitting here looking down at this American Beast below us, you know. On my left, I can feel the Oriental culture washing over me. Across the pole, I can fly to London in eight hours. I feel the perspective that you get by living here in Vancouver is by far the most balanced kind of perspective on what's going on in the world. In Seattle, even, I don't think that we could have done what we've done, because as soon as you're going across the border, you're in the American bubble. But here, I feel no bubble. No bubble in Vancouver."

ADBUSTERS: BOOKS I & II

"That first book [*Culture Jam*, published 1999] had kind of a strange history. It was translated into four or five languages. When it came out in paperback, it was up there as a fast-selling book, reviewed by *USA Today* and some mainstream publications. I get a lot of email that tells me we're reaching a lot of people and it's having influence on their lives, but somehow the distribution side of it was bad. The book came out just at the time when Harper-Collins bought out the small publishing house that I had a contract with and so that whole distribution side of my book was thrown into a state of disarray, and it wasn't available in a lot of places in Canada. We have sold about 6,000 or 7,000 copies of the book through our website alone, which is almost unprecedented in book publishing."

Design Anarchy, which will be published later this year, is described by Adbusters as "320 large-format pages... it will be an unmistakable catalog of the emerging anti-commercial design aesthetic."

Another coffee-table book?

"Ah, no, you'll get a surprise when you see it. It's going to be large-format and will have a lot of graphics. It'll be the visual, the graphic, the aesthetic version of *Culture Jam*, but it will be a script book that will have dozens and dozens of hand elements in it and it will look chaotic, it will look like anarchy. Even though some of the spreads will look incredibly slick and coffee table-like, you'll turn the page and suddenly it will collapse into a different kind of aesthetic. This book is really an attempt to articulate a new kind of aesthetic. It's a visual tour de force, done in the form of a scrapbook. It will lull people into the world of an astute designer who's scrapping around in his book, there, and coming to various epiphanies along the way. *Design Anarchy* is like a deeper version of *Culture Jam*, I think, because visuals are deeper than words. For me, right now, they are deeper."

What about the proposed street date of Christmas 2003? That sounds like a classic invitation to buy, buy, buy. Lasn responds:

"Absolutely! I want to sell as many copies of this as possible. It may also cost a lot of money. We may actually sell it for $100."

BUY NOTHING DAY: OR, BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS

"We were brainstorming about 10 years ago, trying to launch an anti-consumption campaign. We got a lot of help from a lot of people, specifically a Vancouver artist who gave us those three incredible words: "Buy Nothing Day." We took those three words and launched it into a worldwide campaign that, last year, happened in over 60 countries around the world."

Of course, Lasn was only too happy to address published criticism about *Adbusters* Buy Nothing Day line of merchandise:

"We don't have any products! The *No Logo* book by Naomi Klein had, for me personally, some really bad disinformation about Buy Nothing Day. I don't know where she got that information from, but she launched this idea that somehow we have gone commercial with Buy Nothing Day and that we sell t-shirts and sell stuff. We have never sold a single item around Buy Nothing Day. That doesn't mean to say that we don't have books that we sell, and that we don't sell the magazine, that we don't have, you know, calendars. We have a lot of items for sale, but as far as Buy Nothing Day goes, it has always been squeaky clean. We have never, ever made a single penny out of Buy Nothing Day, and deliberately so. This idea that we have somehow commercialized Buy Nothing Day is just pure fucking bullshit and I wish people would stop saying it. I'm especially angry at Naomi Klein because her book turned out to be an incredible best-seller with this disinformation about us in it. That has hurt us quite a bit."

As Ms. Klein is currently in Argentina working on a documentary film, she was unavailable for comment. However, the section in *No Logo* to which Mr. Lasn is probably referring is this paragraph:

"Adbusters has taken this hard-sell approach to such an extreme that it has raised hackles among rival culture jammers. Particularly galling to its critics is the magazine's line of anticonsumer products that they say has made the magazine less a culture-jamming clearinghouse than a home-shopping network for adbusting accessories. Culture jammer 'tool boxes' are listed for sale: posters, videos, stickers and postcards; most ironically, it used to sell calendars and T-shirts to coincide with Buy Nothing Day, though better sense eventually prevailed." (*No Logo*, p. 295)

The Adbusters website currently features for sale a 2003 calendar, postcards, gift cards, Culture Jammers video, the *Culture Jam* book, a "corporate flag" (based on the Stars and Stripes) and, of course, magazine subscriptions.

So, why the decision to buy ad time on CNN (owned by mega-corp AOL Time Warner)?

"It is the most powerful form of culture jamming, if you can go right into the belly of the beast. When we purchased 30 seconds of airtime on *Moneyline*, this was a classic culture jam: a few hundred thousand American businessmen are sitting around their TV sets looking at their favourite business news program, and all of a sudden, along comes a burping pig and basically slaps them in the face with an idea that many of them have probably never had about consumerism. This is a mind bomb that we occasionally let off in the mainstream media. It doesn't reach many of the converted, like the readers of Adbusters, but it reaches a lot of people who've never heard of Adbusters, or heard that there's even an anti-consumerism movement."

REMEMBER THE SABBATH WEEK, TO KEEP IT HOLY

"Turn Off TV Week is happening April 21-27. We drop a few potent mind bombs prior to that week, of course. And again, we do it for the same reason: it is just incredibly effective to reach a few million people who are sitting there in front of their TV sets, and then to, in a very visceral way, suggest to them that maybe next week they should, you know, 'get real.' It is a very powerful way to create epiphanies for people, which is really what culture jamming is all about. It's about taking people who've been sucked into the American Dream and whose lives have been turned into this roller-coaster of consumerism, and to give them epiphany after epiphany until they suddenly snap out of this commercial media trance that most of us are in a lot of the time."

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH...

"We get a lot of positive press for both Buy Nothing Day and Turn Off TV Week from alternative media outlets, and we get an incredible amount of negative press from mainstream media. But this is exactly our strategy. We believe that if we can get half the people in the world to hate us and half the people in the world to love us, then maybe we're getting somewhere. We occasionally get negative press from the alternative media. At the moment, I would say many activists are still caught up in this thoroughly left-wing leftover of the old days, where their whole activism is centered around being in the political left.

"We culture jammers are not lefties! We actually piss off a lot of good activists and good protesters and good people in the alternative press because we go against the grain. You know, that we're supposed to be good lefties and we're supposed to toe the usual lefty line. We get blasted from both sides.

"We deliberately disassociated ourselves from the left. One of my big purposes is to jump over the dead body of the left. A lot of people have never thought about an alternative to this crazy left-wing versus right-wing bullshit that's been going on for all of my life. I want out of it! I spend as much time lately pointing my finger at the left as at the right. I look at the left and I say to myself: you guys just turn me off, you know. You guys haven't done anything now for about twenty, thirty years. You keep singing the same song. You like it when magazines like Adbusters and movements like culture jamming when they basically just remain quaint little things that just talk to the converted. As soon as a campaign like Buy Nothing Day talks to the whole world, you think that something has gone wrong rather than something has gone right. This strategy of ours, buying ad time on CNN, having a magazine that looks slick [sitting] right next to all the other magazines on the newsstand, it's all part of a deliberate strategy to be as effective as possible.

"I know the woman who runs that *Stay Free!* [Carrie McLaren], and she's covering some of the same territory. I mean, she talks about advertising, and somehow, the thrust of her magazine is very similar to *Adbusters* in terms of the issues that we tackle. But she, same as Naomi Klein, is a die-hard lefty, and her perspective is from that traditional left-wing perspective. I think she's doing good work: I'm not slamming the magazine. You know, for us to pull off this global mind-shift that has to happen over the next few years, I think we need everybody, you know. I think we need the *Stay Free!*s and the *Adbusters*, and we need the die-hard lefties, and everybody else who feels that there's something fundamentally wrong with the world today. I'm not trying to be the only game in town and say that, you know, *Adbusters* is right and everyone else is wrong, but it is absolutely essential that there are magazines like *Adbusters*, that there is somebody buying time on *Moneyline*, and that there is somebody talking back at this totally moribund left that can't seem to get it up anymore."

FREEDOM TO PROSELYTIZE

"We went all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada, specifically on the issue of us buying airtime on CBC Newsworld. Even though we had a minor victory at the lower court levels, they [the Supreme Court] didn't think it was an important enough issue. I had a chat with Clayton Ruby [high-profile Toronto lawyer] a few months ago and he has some new ideas for how we can go after the CRTC, and go after CBC Newsworld specifically, for having a certain policy that seems to be against the public interest. In a few months' time, when we are ready to go to the courts, then I think it will become a national debate. Every Canadian citizen will say: 'Well, hey! Why not have the right to walk into my local station and buy time.' Or have the corporations and CRTC and the current commercial media cult sold out the game to the point where we citizens don't count for anything anymore?

"In the US, it's the First Amendment faction against the three big networks. We've got a ten-year dossier of sending them about 25 different spots over the years and them refusing to air all of them. We're still looking for a lawyer, and we haven't found our American Clayton Ruby yet. But I think that we will, eventually. Maybe it will take Canada to take the lead on this one, if we do win a legal challenge to the current status quo in television, and if we actually win this right to communicate. The right to communicate is the big human rights battle of our information age. And if we in Canada become the first country in the world to actually set the example for the rest of the world, then I think a lot of other countries will follow. It may be that certain countries in Europe will then follow, and perhaps America will be the last—like it seems to be so often in these highly progressive quarters."

OVERSEAS MISSIONS

"We don't have a huge budget, but we decided that we may have enough money to open up a small office in either New York or London. Recently all the exciting designers, many of the exciting journalists and exciting debates and even legislation, have come from Europe. At the moment, we find Europe to be a hotbed of interesting debate and writing and visual creativity. We decided that for us to have an outpost in the UK and to be able to dip into that whole European culture—that is probably more important for the future of culture jamming and for the future of *Adbusters* and everything we do than doing an office in New York. There has been, in my mind, anyway, kind of a mind-shift away from America towards Europe. I think that this current debate that's going on about whether we should go after Saddam, I think it's a perfect example of the American culture having gone haywire in some way. European culture still has a certain amount of sanity."

SPREADING THE WORD

"We are taking our website very seriously now. We are integrating video content and all kinds of other visual content into it. We're taking the same route that we took with the magazine. The magazine is, as you know, a very special hybrid of graphics, photographs, visuals and writing, it's not your traditional kind of magazine. Over the next few months, our website will also not be the traditional kind of website.

"Our magazine has been our most successful item, if you like. We started off here in BC with a circulation of 5,000 magazines, and now we're up to 125,000 worldwide with a toehold in Australia, New Zealand, and the UK. One of the reasons it's been successful is that we've come up with a new magazine language. We sit there on the newsstand looking slick, and then you pick it up. If you buy it, you are suddenly subjected to some very, very subversive ideas. And that's the secret of our success. The lesson that we've learned in the magazine, we want to apply to the rest of what we do.

"On a campaign level, if there was no Internet, there would be no worldwide Buy Nothing Day. In the early years, we sent packages to people that contained templates, *free* t-shirts and various other items that would then get BND happening in various countries. It almost killed us financially trying to do that. For the last many years, we've been putting that stuff up on the website, where people can download posters and look at Christmas gift exception vouchers and all kinds of other materials that are available through our website. Many countries have started their own Buy Nothing Day websites. I would say that the Internet is the most powerful activist tool that one could ever imagine, and without it we'd be nowhere."

END TIMES?

"These are disturbing times. After hearing Colin Powell's speech, I really had the feeling that we're living in a choiceless democracy where people don't count for anything anymore. Where Bush, and a few other people, have decided there's going to be a war and there's no fucking thing we can do about it. These are very disturbing times.

"If America starts a war, then we have this grand plan. We're going to launch a worldwide boycott of the United States of America and try to tap into that huge percentage of people who don't want to start this war without the United Nations. I think that if America starts the war unilaterally, then I think that the moment will be ripe to launch this global boycott against the U.S. with people who are as pissed off as I am who'll say: 'That's it. I'm not buying anything American anymore! I'm talking about people taking a personal pledge, saying: that's it, I've had it, I'm not going to take this anymore, and the only effective way for me to protest is to stop buying American.'

"I hope the war doesn't begin, but if it does begin, then I think that there's going to be this incredible battle for the hearts and minds of the people of the world, and America will finally perhaps lose their title."

http://www.adbusters.org
http://www.guerillamedia.org/home.htm
http://www.nologo.org
http://www.stayfreemagazine.org

"Men may know many things by seeing; but no prophet can see before the event, nor what end waits for him."
—Sophocles (497—406 B.C.)

"The prophet who fails to present a bearable alternative and yet preaches doom is part of the trap that he postulates. Not only does he picture us caught in a tremendous man-made or God-made trap from which there is no escape, but we must also listen to him day in, day out, describe how the trap is inexorably closing. To such prophecies the human race, as presently bred and educated and situated, is incapable of listening. So some dance and some immolate themselves as human torches; some take drugs and some artists spill their creativity in sets of randomly placed dots on a white ground."
—Margaret Mead, (Introduction to *Culture and Commitment*, 1970) •

KEEPING IT REAL

DIVISION OF LAURA LEE MAY BE FROM SWEDEN, BUT THEY'RE NO (INTERNATIONAL) SAHARA HOT-HIVES.

Interview by Natalie Gordaneer, Photo by Joshua Kessler

Hailing from Sweden and having come together in the last five years or so, Division of Laura Lee may have the misfortune of being labelled another Hives, but they have the sound and strength to stand apart. They add the righteousness and energy of Primal Scream to that of Fugazi, and then blend in parts of The Stooges, Girls vs. Boys and other bands as well. They released their first full-length, *Black City*, this past year, and enthusiasm for them is definitely gaining momentum. Perhaps this interest comes as people realize that Sweden isn't only responsible for garage rock and ABBA, but is home to guys making videos dressed up as penguins and bears. In any case, Division of Laura Lee is the real deal, but it remained to be seen whether or not singer/bass-player Jonas Gustavsson is still keeping it as real as Jenny from the Block.

DiSCORDER: Do you ever catch yourself singing Weezer's *My Name is Jonas*?
Jonas Gustavsson: That Weezer song? Yah yah yah. From the *Blue* record—good song.

Is it your personal theme song?
Well, I guess they wrote that song about me. I'm not a big Weezer fan, but I like that song, of course!

I have a question about the first song off your full length, *Need to Get Some*: what do we need 'some of'?
Everything. We're in need of love and lust and trust. All of our songs are about pretty much the same thing—that everyone wants something. You don't really know what it is, but there's something that you miss, and usually that is love and respect and stuff like that.

In the song "Black City," "hundreds" and later "thousands killed on the internet" are mentioned—what does this mean?
It has two meanings, because you [can] get so stuck to the internet that you fade out in front of your computer. Also, we develop that style of living: everything is so computerized and this world [will be] soon run by computers or maybe it already is. The idea is [that] soon we'll be able to just press "delete" and kill someone just by doing that, you know? We're so connected to the internet that we [wouldn't] be able to live without it. It's kind of a horror theme!

Why do you think the last couple years have turned so many North American heads onto Sweden and your music scene?
I don't know. Because we're good. Well, maybe because we look good. No, Sweden has a bunch of cool bands now, and I think we always have. Maybe now is the right time, you know? Someone has to open the doors for the others, and whether The Hives did or not, I don't know, but they're absolutely one of the bands that led the way and crossed the border.

Do you find being lumped in with other Swedish bands like The Hives and The (International) Noise Conspiracy is a help or a hindrance to your career?
It's good. I mean, we get a lot of attention for free, but we have a tendency to be compared to them all the time, and people expect us to be like a second Hives. We don't want to be recognized as a bunch of Swedes. We want to be appreciated because of our music, the things that we do, our style and our way. If we were the first band, then probably The Hives and all those bands would probably have to deal with the same thing. It's just a matter of who's first. But it's both good and bad I guess. If you just say that 'this is a band that plays rock music', no one will give a damn. It's good to have a vision of how it's supposed to sound if you buy a record. As for us being compared to The Hives, it's not really that we don't sound like The Hives, it's more that it's misleading, you know?

Is it possible to create something that is entirely new or has everything already been done in some form or another?
It's possible but it's hard! There are a million ways to make music, but it's hard to make something new out of rock music, because it's based on traditions and there are certain patterns that you use when you write. We're trying hard to not do the same thing. The record we have put out now, [each song] is really different from each other but it's still rock'n'roll, you know? I think it's hard to create a whole new form of music, but there has to be some way! If I find out, I won't tell because I want to be alone doing it.

I read an interview with Per where he states that Division of Laura Lee is one of the most honest bands out there because you're experienced, didn't buy your attitudes, are from the working class, and had a rough time growing up. I hate to say it, but this reminds me of Jennifer Lopez where she claims to be "real" and is "still Jenny from the block." What do you have to say to that?
She's a good friend of mine. *[laughs]* I guess she is, and I guess we are "real." We're trying to do honest music. We're not faking anything; we're doing whatever we want to do and what feels good to us. We're not putting on some kind of attitude just because we want to be cool or anything. Maybe we *are* cool, I don't know. Maybe we're not—it doesn't really matter. What matters to us is the music. We didn't have such a hard time growing up—I guess Per had a rough time, but I had a really safe and warm childhood. But everyone has hard times once in a while, and I guess music is a good way of dealing with the hard times, because you have the right to express yourself.

Do you think the fashion and image part of The Hives, The (International) Noise Conspiracy, and music in general takes away from the music part?
I don't know. I'm not saying anything is wrong or right. I'm just saying that that's not the way we want to do it. We want to be taken seriously. We're not really fond of the idea to dress up and put on a new identity. We just have to be ourselves and that's honesty to me. I think there's a lot of image bands and a lot of them are good, but we need something new and genuine. We don't have anything to offer except for ourselves, our music, our way of playing it live, but hopefully that's good enough!

Why is Division of Laura Lee one of the most important bands in the history of rock?
Because we're good! It's all about quality and song writing and I think that we're both good on record and live, but that's my opinion. To me, we're really one of the best bands.

Who are some other people or bands that fit in this category?
The Beatles and, to me, Fugazi were really important, because that's kind of why I started playing in Division of Laura Lee. Nirvana, because they opened up doors for a lot of punk music and stuff. The Beatles for the song writing. But, I mean, I think we're pretty good also. It's music that I love and like to play, so of course I would rate it quite high!

What is next for Division of Laura Lee?
Touring, touring, touring, I guess! We're doing this North American tour now, and then we'll be home for a couple weeks, and we have a lot of offers to discuss when we get home. We're going to do a European tour and we need to do a UK tour and maybe Scotland, Ireland, and hopefully another US tour, and Canada at the same time. At the end of this summer hopefully, we'll be able to get into the studio again and start recording our second record. We're writing songs all the time—we're going to do a couple new ones on the tour now. If they work good, then we'll definitely use them on the new record. We're looking forward to recording them, and trying them out.

I think that's all for my questions, but is there anything you want to say?
Just come and see our show and have a good time! •

IT'S ABOUT BEING RIDICULOUS

MY PROJECT: BLUE DO THE BEAR DANCE AND REMINISCE ABOUT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Interview and Photo by Ben Lai

> Hooked me right away. You took one song—The Dears took two weeks!"
>
> *- Anonymous SHiNDiG judge, to my project: blue*

Hooked. Seduced. Mesmerized. Those are words often used by listeners after being exposed to my project: blue's music. The band impressed many people with their dark and ethereal sound during last year's Shindig, and finished as the first runner-up. With 27 other talented bands serving as their competition, their success was no small feat.

The mostly-Vancouver band consists of Chad Blue on guitars and vocals, Ben Frey on drums, Ryan Shimozawa on synthesizer and bass, and Jill Southern on guitars and vocals. Ben and Chad moved from Vancouver Island to the Lower Mainland a while ago; Jill migrated to Vancouver from the Interior; but Ryan, however, still lives in Nanaimo. What this means is sometimes he will spend hours traveling to Vancouver for rehearsals and live shows. Thankfully, this is a group that knows how to make the best of their time together.

DiSCORDER: What is the history of the band?
Chad Blue: I've been doing my project: blue since 1996, on and off. As for the band, the four of us have been playing together for about six to eight months. I guess you can say that Ben and I were playing together for a long time before. He played in my project: blue years ago, when we used to be a more lo-fi band. When I started the band back up, I asked if he wanted to play again. So we started jamming. Jill worked with Ben and heard about us and Jill said, "I want to work with you guys."
Jill Southern: So I kind of forced my way in there.
Chad: It all worked out so nicely and then Ryan wanted to play. I couldn't be any happier.
Ryan Shimozawa: I can remember wanting to be in the band before I was in the band. I saw them playing a show in Nanaimo, just Ben and Chad. Then I saw Chad at a local record store in Nanaimo, and I was like, "Do you want me in the band? I'll do whatever you want." He was like, "Okay, we could work something out." And then we talked more about it. Chad started showing me songs over at my apartment in Nanaimo.
Ben Frey: Our jams were so crazy because we jammed with Chad, Jill and me. And next weekend it would be Chad, Ryan and me. Or just Chad and Ryan. And then we would have a show. For our first show the four of us hadn't even played together.
Ryan: I didn't even know Jill before the first show.
Ben: Basically, we shook hands and said, "Hey, nice to meet you. Here's a set list, we're going to play now."

Let's talk about the new EP that's coming out in April. How was it recorded? When?
Chad: Jill recorded it.
Jill: I am taking recording and sound engineering at Columbia Academy. It was recorded there by me, a couple of instructors and students. It's a pretty good opportunity to get people into the studio and take advantage of nice equipment. We got six songs done there.
Ryan: They all recorded live together. When I came over for a SHiNDiG show, the next morning I woke up early and went to the studio and recorded the synth lines.
Ben: For the time we spent recording it, it sounds pretty good. Got some pretty chilling songs.
Ryan: You guys did two days in studio?
Jill: No, just one day. That was pretty efficient. Just got in the groove.

Where did the songs come from? How were they written?
Ryan: They were all older songs. Songs since we started together.
Ben: It is stuff we've been playing live during the past six months.

Your website says that some of your new songs are more upbeat.
Chad: That's the new stuff. The CD is the stuff we've been playing lately, but now I've been working on new songs. I still record everything in my room before I get songs ready for the band. I finished quite a few new ones. And I just put one really new one up on the website. It's a lot more upbeat and a lot happier. It's a very fun song.
Ryan: The new songs are a more dancey kind-of-thing.

Is that the direction you are moving towards?
Chad: Well, all the songs we play now are from stuff that I started writing a year and a half ago. Now, over this time period I've just changed. My songwriting is getting better, I guess you can say. I don't know. I'm experimenting a bit more. It's not a different direction.
Ryan: I think the more we get comfortable with each other and the instruments and figure things out, we can take different directions. Go one way and start off with a dancier vibe....
Ben: And then play a really sad song that will almost break you up in tears. We also have a new kind of like Latin-style song. Not really Latin style, but you know, jive-y.

How did you like your experience at SHiNDiG?
Ben: It was great. It was great exposure. The sound there was really good.
Chad: Playing at The Railway was awesome.
Jill: The audience was so into it. So supportive. We had the whole place doing the bear dance.
Chad: It was more than I expected. I was like, "Yeah sure, whatever, we'll go into SHiNDiG." Ben sent the CD in. It was way cooler than I thought.
Ben: I think the finals was the funnest show we've ever played. Everyone laughing and singing along.

Any unexpected guests?
Jill: Yeah, this big fuzzy bear showed up.
Ben: We had a bear. I don't know what's up with that.
Chad: Random bear running up on stage.
Ben: Well, I did read in the paper before about some urban bear that was going through the dumpsters and back alleys. Mauling businessmen.
Jill: Hitting the clubs.

Just some complete stranger eh?
Chad: Yeah. *[Laughs]*
Ryan: Who would do something stupid like that?!

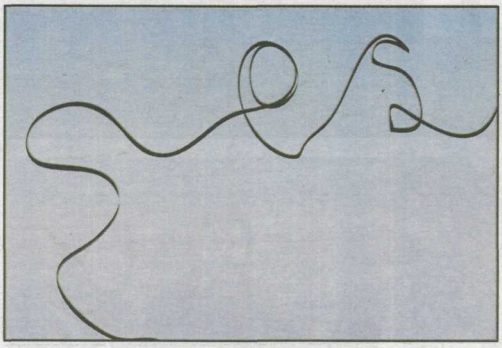
This strange bear tends to show up during the bear dance part of your show. What do you have to say about the bear dance?
Chad: Well, it's just totally ridiculous. That's the whole point about it. It's hilarious.
Ben: Bears are just so funny. We're even thinking about doing a music video all dressed up in bear costumes. Like scratching our backs or something.
Ryan: It's just about being ridiculous. So we can look foolish and have fun at the same time.

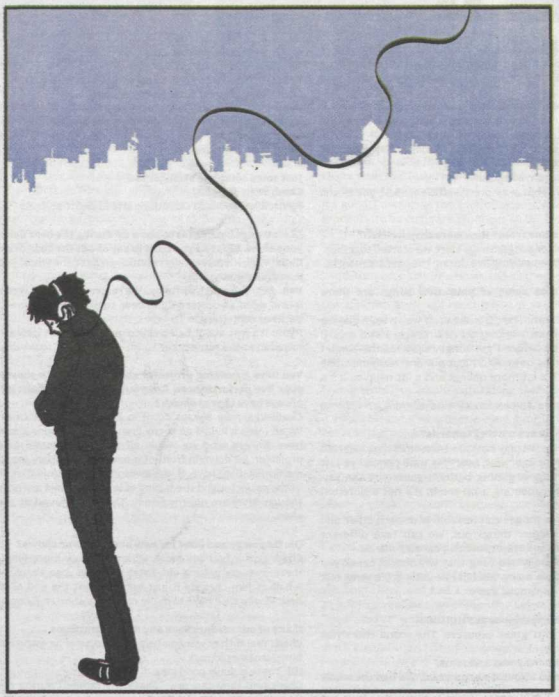
You have a running projector showing old home movies during your live performances. Can you tell me more about it? Did you always have that at shows?
Chad: Yeah, we always do. It is kind of like memories for me. When I was a kid I'd go to my grandparents' house and we would have dinners, and we would always watch home movies on a projector. Sit down in front of it and watch it. They were the best memories that I have. It was awesome. I love 8mm film, the sound of the projector and the feeling of it all. The films are not my films though. They are not my family. They were found at some thrift shop.

Oh. Do you go and hunt for new ones for your shows?
Chad: I can't find any more. I'd love to have more films because these ones are getting old. Every show we lose about a foot and a half of film because it just breaks off at the end of the night.
Ben: Maybe we'll have to make our songs shorter. *[Laughs]*

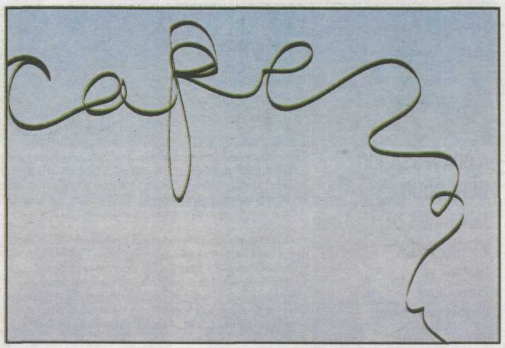
If any of our readers have any extra 8mm films....
Chad: Yes! If they want to help out and send us some old super 8 films, that would rock.
Jill: That's a really good idea.
Chad: And they can say, "That's my family!" during our shows. *[Laughs]*

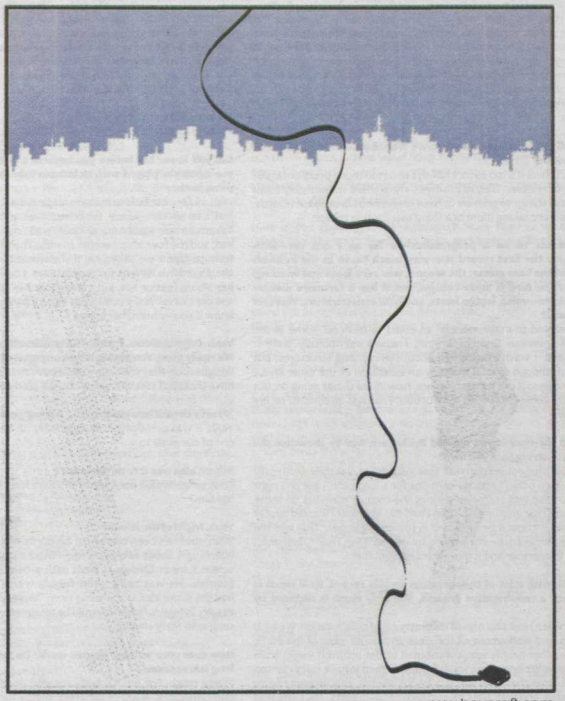
For more information on my project: blue, including where and how to send them your 8mm films, you can visit http://www.myprojectblue.ca





April's Artist of the Month is Ryan Baudoin.





www.boycraft.com

Ryan catagorizes this and his art like it as "doodles." Can you doodle like this? Probably not. That's why Ryan's so rad.

A BASS HIT

A CONVERSATION WITH DOUG MCCOMBS OF BROKEBACK

Interview by Merek Cooper, Photo by Sam Prekop

Starting out as a way for Doug McCombs to showcase his Fender six-string bass, Brokeback has now, three albums later, blossomed beautifully. The most recent, *Looks At The Bird*, is the best yet and features contributions from Brokeback regular Noel Kupersmith, Aki Tsuyuko, Rob Mazurek, Stereolab's Laetitia Sadier and the sadly departed Mary Hanson. I spoke to Doug McCombs on the phone from Chicago where he was busy "meshing" his hectic schedule.

So, I really like the new album, how's it been received? Do you read your reviews?
Actually, I think it's too soon. I haven't seen too much press on it, just a couple of reviews. They're positive. I think there are probably more substantial things to grab on to than on previous Brokeback records, and people are taking more of a liking to it for that reason.

There seems to be a progression—as far as I can see—with Brokeback: the first record was very much based in the minimal sounds of the bass guitar; the second, was very loose and winding; *Looks At The Bird* is more concise, but it has a far more diverse sonic palette—voice, laptop beats, and lush orchestration. Was this intentional?
Well, I wanted to make more of an effort to flesh out some of the ideas. On previous Brokeback stuff, I would intentionally leave it open-ended. I wasn't concerned about having song structures. But now, even though it's still basically an extension of the same idea, I wanted to flesh it out a little bit more, have more things going on, but have more verse-chorus-verse structure. That was intentional on my part, yeah.

I've read the reason you started Brokeback was to showcase the Fender six-string bass you own?
Yeah, I had a long obsession with that instrument, but they were really expensive, so I didn't actually own one for a long time. I got one right when Tortoise was starting—a lot of the twangy melodies on those records are that instrument. Then I had this idea that I wanted to play that sound without it being buried in something bigger. That was the genesis of Brokeback—me playing by myself. Then Noel Kupersmith became my partner and it mushroomed from there.

You work with a lot of collaborators on this record. How much is Brokeback a collaborative process, and how much is dictated by you?
Well, between Noel and myself it's pretty equal collaboration. We both sat down and worked out all the ideas and wrote most of the parts. With the other people who contributed to the record it varies from case to case. We knew that we definitely wanted to have Mary Hanson sing a lot more than she had on previous albums, and we wrote some parts for her, and then she came up with her own parts. The parts that we presented to her to sing were dictated by what was already going on in the song. But then, other things she just came up with on her own, just ideas that she had. That was nice because she surprised us with some things we wouldn't have thought of.

In the case of Aki Tsuyuko—she plays on three songs—her whole approach, although I'm not quite sure, is very improvisational. She just gets an idea of what she wants to hear, and then she'll just start playing. That's like what we did—we had her sit down in the studio and just start playing over some of the tracks. And then used bits and pieces of what we liked about it.

Were you a fan of Aki before?
Yeah, yeah.

Did you know her before you became a fan? I saw her supporting you when she played with Nobukazu Takemura at The Vogue a few years back.
Well, I knew her before that even. We did a tour—it was really short, just five shows—where Brokeback was just Noel and myself and Takemura was just him and Aki. We all toured together in the same van, and the four of us became friends. Then the next time Brokeback went to Japan, we asked Aki if she would be part of Brokeback and she played live with us for three shows. I can't remember if I'd heard her album first or not, but I really love her album. That side of what she does never really comes out in her playing with Takemura. I don't know if you've heard her album ?

Yeah, *Ongakushitsu*. I read an article in which you recommended it. It's really good. You saying it was improvised seems to make sense.
I'm guessing that she improvises, but I'm not really sure. She might have that stuff totally worked out. It's pretty weird stuff.

"Pearl's Dream" is a great track. A great performance by Mary.
Yeah, it was great to get Aki and Mary on the same track. That was one of our goals too.

Whose idea was it to do the cover?
That song? Well, I don't know if you're familiar with that song from the film?

Yeah, *Night of the Hunter*.
Yeah, that has been one of my favourite films for a long time. I was watching it about two years ago—there was a showing of it on a big screen here in Chicago. I went with a friend of mine, who's in The Eternals. He was really good friends with Mary too, and we both had the same idea at the same time: "Wow, that song in the movie is exactly in Mary's range. It would be totally great to do a version of that song with Mary singing."

How does your writing process work? Do you find melodies during long jam sessions?
Pretty much. For me it's fairly cut and dried, but for Tortoise it's a different story. A lot of different things happen in the process of writing songs with Tortoise. There's a whole variety of different ways that we work. For Brokeback it's usually like... these melodies pop up and I come up with something I think is a good melody. And then I just try and build a song around it. Build a chord structure or think of some other elements that go along with it, or maybe have it change a little bit and then eventually there's a song. That's why Brokeback sounds like it does—because up until now there hasn't been a whole lot of verse-chorus-verse type things; it's more just based on a single melody or melody with a counter melody and that's it.

Yeah and that's what I loved about Brokeback—the simplicity.
In the beginning, that was definitely what I meant it to be. And now, Brokeback is approaching a stage where it could be more like Tortoise, y'know—any ideas are welcome. In the beginning, it was just one specific concept I had, but umm.... I feel really self conscious about this but, I have to say there is one record that a lot of the ideas for Brokeback sprung out of. A record that I really liked a lot.

What record is that?
It's a record by Tom Verlaine. An instrumental record called *Warm and Cool*. Anybody who hears that record will automatically believe me to be a fraud [laughs]. Although, no specific melodies are really taken from there, I'm not ripping off his songs but... the basic overall feel of that album is something close to what Brokeback does.

What's the state of play with Tortoise at the moment?
We're still working on an album that we've been working on for a year, but, y'know, not a whole year; we've probably worked on it for a total of five weeks or something. It's about half way done. We plan on spending the whole summer just finishing it. So hopefully we'll have a new Tortoise in the fall. We're hoping to do way more than an album's worth of material during the course of the summer, so that we can have another release really quickly after that. We've been trying to break this mold of making an album every two years. We actually already did try and failed. We wanted to have something out sooner than two years on from *Standards*.

I was talking to Sam Prekop recently about the perceived death of post-rock and the Chicago scene in the media. What's your take on all that? How does Chicago feel at the moment?
Well, my take on the whole thing is that, for me personally, there has always been a lot of great and interesting music in Chicago. But the moniker "post-rock"—that was almost like an insult. First of all, that's not the only type of music that goes on here, and second of all, it's a stupid name and it doesn't really apply to anything that happens here.

Yeah, I read somewhere that it was a British press invention.
I know the exact person that coined that phrase. It was Simon Reynolds. He was a writer in Britain for the *NME* but he does a lot of freelancing in the States. You'll see his name in The Wire a lot or even *Rolling Stone*, stuff like that.

I think Tortoise were a really special group, you introduced a lot of indie kids into a whole new word of music, be it jazz or krautrock. Do you feel influential?
I don't know. I definitely don't think that what we did or what we do is completely unprecedented. From our perspective, of course, we're working off our influences, so, I mean, the music that we play doesn't just come out of nowhere. You know, if we recombined things that sounded new to people—it definitely sounded new to us—I'll take credit for that. But I don't really feel like it matters whether we were influential or not. All that matters to me is that we continue to make good music, music that is interesting to listen to and is challenging to us. And I know that we'll continue to do that, so it doesn't bother me if people say that post-rock is over—we're a good enough band to not rest on any laurels and we'll continue to challenge ourselves.

That's pretty much it, I know you've got a lot of things to do. Is there anything else you wanted to mention?
Well... I guess I would like to somewhere acknowledge Mary Hanson.

I was going to ask you about her but it just seems so difficult.
Yeah, it sucks.

I remember hearing about it. It was horrible.
Yeah. I don't know if there's anyway to tastefully insert—into a general article about Brokeback—how much we loved her and how inspirational she was to us all. •

THEY'RE HERE – GET USED TO IT

LIVING IT UP WITH VANCOUVER'S THE GAY

Interview by Julie Colero, Photo by Paul Clarke

The Gay is not a Vancouver supergroup. These four ladies (Coco Culbertson, Maija Martin, Sarah Lapsley and Tobey Black) and a guy (Keith Parry) may have numerous notches on their hot rock action bedposts, but that's not what's important here. The key to the creation of fine pop music seems to be, at this point in time, all about having fun. Getting out there and keeping fit seem to keep this band on its toes when not buried in the studio working on a soon-to-be-released full-length album. I got a chance to talk to The Gay when they headlined a show at Pat's Pub back at the end of January, and this is what they had to say about keeping it real.

So you guys are sort of considered a supergroup on a small scale?
Coco Culbertson: On a very small scale. On a scale of one to three, we're a two.
Keith Parry: I don't know what that means. "Supergroup" means you're old, right? All it means is that you were in other bands before this band, and none of the bands we were in were particularly famous, you know, so, all it means is we're old.
Coco: I haven't been in any bands that did anything good, I mean, we did a lot of records and stuff, but nobody ever bought them.

And things are different this time around?
Coco: We don't know yet. We're just making our first record now. We're all committed to buying our record, so that's at least five sales right there.

You're doing a full-length for Mint? And the 7-inch [also on Mint] – how has that gone over?
Coco: It's good. The 7-inch was sort of a fluke, because really we'd just recorded those songs to apply to festivals with, and... to get shows. We didn't really know how to get shows, even though we'd all been in bands; we'd kind of forgotten how to get shows. We recorded that just for fun, and then we were invited to tour with The New Pornographers in Canada, and we thought we should quickly get some product out if we were going to hit the old regular stops. We put the single together on the fly and Mint supported us wonderfully. Out it came, and that's all I know. We sold lots of them on the road.
Maija Martin: Some guys in Calgary bought them.
Coco: Yeah, a whole bunch of drunk guys in Calgary bought 'em.

When was this little tour?
Coco: It was just across Canada, not very many dates....
Keith: We played six shows.
Coco: It was really fun. It was the middle of summer, and the weather was beautiful. We did lots of swimming and go-kart racing and roller-skating and sight-seeing.... It wasn't a very typical rock tour. It was really family-oriented, in a weird way.

So I'm guessing there's a good band dynamic going on.
Coco: We're madly in love, all of us.

No egos?
Coco: Huge. Everybody.
Keith: Just the girls, actually....
Coco: Keith's more subversive with his massive ego.
Maija: He's just more passive-aggressive, you know?
Keith: I'm not ashamed of that.

Does this mean that all other projects are put on hold right now? Is this getting 100% of everyone's attention?
Coco: Pretty much. This has become my main focus. I'd just done some solo recording and stuff when we started The Gay. I was playing with Tennessee Twin and about six other bands in Vancouver, and I just slowly stopped playing with everybody but The Gay, 'cause it was really so much fun that I eliminated other things that were also fun, but this just meant more to me than anything else.
Keith: I think we all will do other things, but this is the thing that we all have the time to do each and every month. We might do something else every now and then....
Maija: We've all done little bits. Keith and I played recently....
Keith: The Drunken Relatives.

Who spearheads the songwriting? Do you all take turns?
Coco: It's a real collaborative effort. We all come in with separate ideas, but it's a band effort, for sure. So far we've all been singing our own ideas, our own songs, but that's soon to change. I think we're going to start writing songs for other people to sing. We're just not there yet; we're still a bit nervous. It's a group effort, for sure.

Do you all have your own space to live together, love together, work together non-stop?
Coco: Some of us live together. Some of us might end up living together, because our partners have had it.
Keith: Most of us have a good time all the time.
Coco: We like each other in an almost unhealthy way.
Keith: I didn't want to be in a band, but it was like finding four new friends who happen to be girls who would take this guy to the pool and play squash together.

You go to the pool together?
Coco: We have things called Gay Activity Days. Squash, tennis, swimming, hot-tubbing, sauna, steamroom....
Keith: Hiking, skiing, biking, go-karting, river-boat-riding.

No paint-ball? Too competitive?
Coco: Maybe in the angry years.
Maija: We're sort of retro-sports oriented, thanks to Keith. Keith curls, so we've gone out to Marpole to watch him curl.
Keith: And I'm going to get you girls on the pebble.
Coco: We're not sure about the one slippery foot and the one not... That just confuses me on the ice. Maija and I also play hockey and skate on Sundays.

But there's no official Gay team?
Coco: No. It's family hockey, so we have to hijack a child.

Who lets you borrow their children?
Coco: I have one, and he's mostly nice about it.
Maija: Sometimes he tries to skate away from me very fast....
Coco: That's convenient.

I've heard that you're not keen to talk about the band's name, but there seems to be a lot of "Gay Team, Go!" going on....
Coco: We're a gay band, we write gay songs.
Maija: It's about reappropriating the word 'gay.' It means so much to so many. Word ownership is a futile battle....

How about copyright infringement? Your logo is wonderful [looks like the Bay's logo], but have you been spoken to about that at all?
Maija: They don't care.
Coco: They don't care about the five t-shirts we've sold!
Keith: We've sold 20, come on....
Coco: Bill Baker was the genius behind that.
Keith: It'll be his label that gets sued.
Coco: We trust him.
Keith: Dictionary meaning number one of the word 'gay' is 'happy,' is it not? Take that to the bank.

Coco, I just have to ask, as you've worked with Bif Naked and Holly McNarland – how nice is it, not to work with crazy ladies?
Coco: I still work with crazy ladies! It's really nice to not be playing professionally anymore, because I did that for years, as a session player, and I did a lot of work that compromised my mental and emotional state for the sake of feeding my family and keeping a roof over my head. I was really lucky, I got to do tons of amazing shit. I grew up playing in indie bands in Toronto my whole life, but when I was about 21, I started playing professionally. I woke up one day and I had been on the road forever. When I started playing, there wasn't any chance of indie bands making money, and then bands started getting signed to major labels, and you could make money playing with other people. I had no idea that that was absolutely empty, and I wasn't even exercising my skills. It's fucking awesome to have a band that I like and to have friends in my band, and to be free to do what I want to do.

And are you broke now?
Coco: Actually, I'm not. I have a fantastic job. I'm lucky all around.

But now that you know all about the pitfalls of the industry, there must be no desire to return to it....
Coco: If you want to do that sort of thing, it's fine, but if you have any emotional investment in quality or any love for your own music, then it's a real pleasure to not have to try and make money at it. Making music that you want to make, whether it's fucking awful or not, is totally great. •

TOTALLY PRO-RUSH

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND EXPLORE THEIR NEED TO ROCK

Interview by Kevin Chong. Photo by Cathy Matusicky

In the past few years, Shawn Mrazek (drums, vocals), Geoff Thompson (guitar, vocals), and Johnny Uljevic have played in almost every local music venue. Their band, Notes from the Underground, plays unpretentious guitar rock that has been compared to the Velvet Underground and Crazy Horse.

DiSCORDER: How did you form?
Geoff Thompson: Shawn and I played together in a band called Manta Ray, which was one of many bands Shawn had going at the time. Then that folded. Shawn and Johnny lived together with a couple of other people in a house that had a shed. And we all liked to drink together. We eventually picked up instruments.

Was it different for you, Geoff and Shawn, to be the frontmen?
Geoff: It was a new thing, that's why we dug it. Playing guitar was new for me, too—I sorta ended up playing it by default.

Do you think there's a frontman personality that you need to bring out?
Geoff: I think you have to invoke a frontman personality, but that's on a harder night. It's a cliché we've all tried to avoid.
Shawn Mrazek: Working with Johnny and Geoff is the easiest experience I've had. Sometimes in a band people feel they need to leave their own personal mark on the song to feel part of the creative whole. It doesn't happen with us. No one's trying to change each other's ideas.
Geoff: We're waiting for Johnny to step up to the mike.

When are you going to sing?
Johnny Uljevic: I don't know. I'm concentrating on other projects.

What's up with the instrument-switching?
Geoff: We're a band made up of a couple of bass players and a drummer. We like to trade it up a little.
Shawn: We have different ideas on different instruments. We like to play it as we wrote it.

How do you write a song?
Shawn: Some songs are written, even the lyrics, then and there. Other times the entire song will be finished.

How do you make decisions?
Geoff: We have a rotating dictatorship.
Shawn: It's kind of like a democracy and a dictatorship. So it's like a dickmocracy.
Geoff: We like to take turns being on top.

Shawn, are you influenced by any drummers who also sing?
Shawn: No.

But there are so many...
Shawn: I'm not influenced, but I really like Levon Helm from The Band.

But not the drummer from Triumph.
Geoff: I thought Rik Emmett sang for Triumph.

Rik Emmett sang for Rik Emmett, but not Triumph.
Shawn: There's also Phil Collins and Don Henley. They're not a hard act to follow.

Why did you pick the name "Notes From Underground"?
Shawn: We were all jamming and I had just finished reading the book. I proposed the name to the guys and they had no objections. I thought it would be taken already.

In a story, Japanese novelist Haruki Murakami writes that Dostoyevsky "discovered the precious quality of human existence whereby men who had invented God were forsaken by the very God." Are there any gods, real or invented, that have forsaken you?
Geoff: Maybe the one I learned about in Catholic school.

You guys all went to a Catholic boys' school together. How did you feel when the school was close to being sold as part of the Mount Cashel orphanage settlement? I really wanted it to be torn down.
Geoff: Me, too.
Johnny: I was indifferent.
Shawn: I have some good memories. Like playing in band class.

What were the bands you listened to in high school?
Johnny: AC/DC, Led Zeppelin, Guns 'N Roses.
Shawn: I listened to Rush later on. I [got] kind of turned on by "Tom Sawyer," but not until later. Johnny and I went to a Rush concert recently and it blew every expectation or stereotype I had of a Rush fan. I pictured someone with super-long hair, skin-tight jeans, and a blazer.
Geoff: Because it's a Rush concert and you've got to dress up.
Shawn: But we walked in and there were 18-year-old hot chicks dancing to "Tom Sawyer." I never thought I'd see hot chicks dancing to Rush. I saw some scenesters, too. People try to pretend they don't like Rush, but they're there. But I'm totally pro-Rush.
Johnny: The lights would go on during the drum fills and everyone on the floor was playing air drums. It was almost choreographed, but I'm sure no one knew each other.

Shawn, tell me what inspired your song "Nela."
Shawn: It's about a real person in Slovenia, a beautiful person I met. She was really nice. We hung out and she came to see a Pete Bastard show, and I was waiting for her the whole set and she only got there for the last song. I got her name wrong—I called her Mia—and that's when I started to strike out. And before we left, I started drinking a lot. I asked her if she wanted to marry me, but she started laughing at me. But I want to send her the song.

What about "I Saw Her First"?
Geoff: The song was written during a time when a couple of good friends were hard up with a couple girlfriends who wouldn't give them the time of day. I wrote that song as a smug love song to say, "Hey, forget about her, let's just hang out and play rock music."

What are the best and worst things about the Vancouver music scene?
Johnny: I like the bands. I love Thunderstruck, Benedict Patrick, The Accident. The worst thing about it is that we've been playing for a couple of years and you meet all the bands and all the people and it's all the same.
Geoff: It's a small community, which is the best and worst. There seems to be a lot of actual talent happening all at once. But in a town like Vancouver—it's almost too easy to blame the town—there are very few people not making music who are seeking it out.
Shawn: I think there's some really good stuff in Vancouver. The worst thing is that you get a little jaded. It's hard to get people to shows. Maybe that's our fault. Generally, I think things are looking up for Vancouver.

What's it like to be on Stutter records?
Shawn: It's definitely helpful. Jason and Allen from the Nasty On have been a great help. Telling the right people about our shows, getting us CITR airplay.
Geoff: They're really organized where we're not.

What do you guys have coming up?
Johnny: We're playing at Pat's Pub on April 27th.
Geoff: We've got to take it out on the road. Probably Canada first.
Shawn: We want to do it all. Really only Vancouver, and not very much of Vancouver, has heard the record. We want to see how far we can take it.

If you could play any place in Vancouver, where would you play? Who would you play with?
Shawn: I'd love if we could play at the Vogue and the Commodore where I played with Flash Bastard and the Dirtmitts.
Geoff: I'd like to headline at the Commodore.
Johnny: At the Pacific Coliseum, opening for Rush and AC/DC. •

AXIS OF ALCOHOL

RYE COALITION AND THE POLICY OF NOT TAKING SHIT

Interview by Zsofia Zambo

The Rye Coalition were in for it. They had a reputation for getting into it with interviewers, so I grabbed my liberty gin and dark sunglasses, and headed downstairs with a recorder to ask them some random questions before the show, because I knew that if the interview was conducted afterward, I would have either been a) too drunk, b) kicked out of the bar because they close so early, or c) too captivated by the live performance to mutter anything coherent. Maybe even a combination of the three. Fortunately, cooler and more sober heads prevailed on all sides and I was able to ask a few questions to the New Jersey based rock band.

Just to start off, introduce yourselves and give your ages.
Ralph Cuseglio: Hi, I'm Ralph. I am 27, and I sing.
Justin Morey: Hi, I'm Justin. I play the electric bass; I'm 27.
Herb Wiley: Hi, I'm Herb. I play guitar. I'm 25.
Jonathan Gonnelli: I'm Jonathan. I play guitar as well. 26 and a half.

Where are the Lido brothers?
Everyone: OHHHHHH! GOOD QUESTION!
Ralph: Jersey City. That's exactly right. Greg hasn't been in the band for some time now. Since *The Lipstick Games*. That's '98, I think. He hasn't been with us since then. And Dave is at home right now, going to school. He's still an active member of Rye; he is just not touring with us right now. One Lido member is still with the band; the other is much loved, but married and on the way to domestic life.

Why so long between albums?
Ralph: This past year was the first time we've ever been a full-time functioning band. Before that, we started off as serious in high school, and then we kind of left for college. Then people moved and we were never in the same part of the country for more than three months of the year. So we would have to write songs, play shows, tour in a span of like three months. That doesn't give you very much time to tour around, to pretend you're an active band. We're a band, in theory. A really good one.

A really good theory? Or a really good band?
Ralph: Both.

Obviously, you listen to a lot of Zeppelin.
Everyone: *[laughter]*
Justin: Yeah, I think our parents are to blame for that.
Ralph: I would agree—we should hold them responsible for that.

Are you ever asked about Merel?
Ralph: Well, we used to be when we first started out, like the first year or so, because Dave was in Merel, and then Greg [was] later on. But hardly ever anymore. It's like one of those things...
Justin: That if kids do their homework then they will ask, but if not, they don't ask.
Ralph: It doesn't seem to register anymore—most kids are like "Merel who?" They don't know, but years ago we got more questions about it.

How long have you been playing music for? Together and in general.
Justin: I'd say I was 11 years old.
Herb: Yeah, I must have been around 14.
Ralph: I was 16—a year before I started with Rye. So, Herb, you were about 15? When we're 28 it will be ten years, because we didn't actually play out until Justin and I were 18 years old.
Justin: We'll have a decade reunion with lots of ballerinas.

How was having Steve Albini produce your album?
Everyone: So cool.
Justin: He is a beautiful man. He is a genius; I admire him. A good comedian, very hospitable.

Does he have [Phil] Spector-type quirks? Did he carry a loaded gun?
Ralph: No... well, I guess he has quirks, like anyone. But the thing about Steve is that he—I don't know if this happens for every band, but it happens for some—becomes like a sixth member of the band. It is his job to play the engineer board and the sound board to make you sound the way you've always wanted to, and that's what he is good at. He becomes this other member of a band during the time you're recording, so I can't really say enough nice things about him, and we're friends these days. I'm very biased. But yeah, good guy.

What can you tell your fans to expect from the latest album?
Ralph: I don't know, really. I think each one of our records is slightly different, but you can always tell it's Rye. I think it's a really good thing, and I think it's going in a progressive direction.

Is there any particular reason it changes? Or is it just because you are becoming better musicians?
Justin: It's a combination of both. We are constantly evolving. [That's] just to be expected with musicians to begin with.
Ralph: I think it's also that we've been playing together for a long time. We know each other very well. I think it also depends on a lot of what you're listening to—what your influences are, and when you're writing the record.

Do you have any particular influences?
Ralph: Particularly? No, it changes all the time. That's the nice thing about our band: we might have taken a long time between records, but it changes drastically, and it gives us time to go through these phases of what we're listening to. And any band that tells you their music isn't derivative of something else is fucking bullshitting you. It's just the way it works, since the beginning of time. I think that, when we come together to write songs, our ideas come together in some kind of weird melting pot, because we've never listening to the same things at once, and everyone brings in different elements.

Why the smarmy attitude towards rock critics? Bad experience with *Heart Attack* magazine?
Ralph: Wow. That hasn't come up in a long time. Well, the Heart Attack thing was so long ago, and we were tagged with the scumbag image long before that came out.

How do you think that came about?
Ralph: It's because we don't pull punches. We're straight shooters, and people don't necessary like to hear certain things; they don't like the truth sometimes, and I think we're pretty direct. A lot of people, I think, tend to walk around the truth, or they fluff it up a bit so it's less abrasive, and we don't have time for that. So, I think it comes off as being abrasive, or people saying we're scumbags. I don't think that's necessarily the case; I just don't think people have adjusted to dealing on a personal or dialogue level. But I don't know... the *Heart Attack* thing was so long ago. We've always kind of had this pariah-thing attached to us that we're fuckers, but we like it and have grown into it.
Justin: A lot of people, their initial interpretation of us is to assume we're an act and playing a game. In actuality, we grew up in the area of New Jersey City. It made us not take shit from people, and it's just basically your instinct of survival. Its not intentional; we're not intending on displaying this attitude. At the same time, it just comes across that way. Some people respect it, and 89% probably don't.
Ralph: They'd much rather just say we're stoners.
Justin: And they'd much rather resort to that description of us being assholes. But if you ask anyone who hangs out with us for more than five minutes, they will say we're great guys.
Ralph: And that's the thing with bands and people you meet: people are always telling us that we get "the most fucked-up rep," but some people might find that cool about us. I guess it works either way. People might be into that badass image we have. We generally don't get messed with too often. •

THE BLINDING LIGHT!! CINEMA 36 POWELL 870-3344

APRIL

BEAT FILMS! Hang with Ginsberg, Burroughs, Orlovsky, Corso and more in FRIED SHOES, COOKED DIAMONDS and the classic PULL MY DAISY. 1-2

DOC IN THE HOUSE: VOLCANO An inquiry into the life and death of Malcom Lowry, with guest GILLES ROY. 3

EXPERIMENTS IN TERROR The horror film and its spawn explored - rare horror trailers and clips with works by MARTHA COLBURN, DAVID SHERMAN and more. 4-6

THE GODS OF TIMES SQUARE Richard Sandler's astounding doc on the religious zealots of New York's transforming Times Square. Best Doc Award, CUFF 8-9

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE Back by request, GUY DEBORD's astounding Situationist treatise. 10

HELL HOUSE Enter into the religious right's extreme conversion strategy - unsettling, unforgettable, and truly strange. 11-13

COP TALK III Strange and rare industrials from our forbidden archive of police training films. WARNING: graphic images of death! 15-16

BYOB: BRING YOUR OWN FILM DVD, VHS, Super 8 and 16mm - bring it! (10 mins or less please) 17

UNDERSKATEMENT FILM FESTIVAL A showcase of skateboarder-artists both on and off their boards. Mark Gonnzles' latest and more! 18-20

FROM THE VAULTS III You pick from our list, and we screen it - dental hygiene, sex education, psychological abnormalities... 22

STRAIN ANDROMEDA THE Anne McGuire's spacemuffuck inversion of the Robert Wise/ Michael Crichton '70s classic. 23

THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD EYE OF NEWT play live to the first in the classic SINBAD series. 24

BEN HARPER: PLEASURE & PAIN A "for-fans" in-depth look at the life that is lived by this contemporary roots rock icon. 25-27

SHOWS START AT 8pm!

under review

recorded media

Antipop Consortium
Antipop vs. Matthew Shipp
(Thirsty Ear)

Years ago much noise was being made about the cousin-like relationship between jazz and hip-hop. Unfortunately, not much good lasting music came out of that idea.

The latest from **Matthew Shipp**'s Blue Series on Thirsty Ear finds the now defunked avant-hiphop outfit **Antipop Consortium** (actually just **Beans** and **Priest** on this outing) taking a stab at the amalgamation of jazz and hip-hop. Unfortunately, what you get in the process is a somewhat remixed version of what Shipp and Co. can do and/or a less than inspired outing from the Consortium crew with not a lot happenin' in between. While Beans at times drops some thought provoking verses, Shipp's outright quoting from **Miles Davis**' *Kind of Blue* makes me wonder whether he simply ran out of decent ideas of his own. A shame, as I was hoping that this would kick some cerebral butt, but neither my mind nor my ass wants to follow.

Paul Clarke

The Apes
The Fugue in the Fog
(Frenchkiss)

Have you ever had the urge to just punch someone in the face, as hard as you can? And I'm not talking about someone you know, or that jerk who made your significant other cheat on you. I'm talking about a total stranger on the street whom you have nothing against. It doesn't necessarily have to be that you're crazy, you could just have some pent-up anger. Or it could just be that it would be cool. Kinda like the *Fight Club*. There's just something that would feel cool about punching someone else in the face—it would even look cool if someone you walked past on the street punched someone else in the face! Yeah, that would be wicked. Sometimes violence really is cool. Why look for inner peace when you can just beat it out of someone else? And do you know what also pisses me off? Bands that have those wussy guitars. It's about time there was a band that just had deep, heavy, fast music. And did I mention deep? Oh yeah, and screaming. It should have lots of screaming. And loud. *The Apes* are gonna mess you up.

Soren Brothers

The Beans
Inner Cosmosis
(Forever Bad)

Do you understand that this was recorded live? Not live in a studio, but live in some crappy room with a crowd of people in it. That's one take. And no mistakes. It's one 63 minute song. It's very good.

Christa Min

Bend Sinister
The Warped Pane
(Truth Hurts)

My love of '70s prog-rockers **Yes** is not something I share with everybody. I will never forget the night when I silenced an entire room of indier-than-thou music snobs by admitting that *Close to the Edge* was one of my favourite albums. These days I choose to avoid possible confrontations, and keep my interest in classic progressive rock to myself.

However, I know I would never have to hide this key element of my personality from **Bend Sinister**. The four-piece instrumental group (and self-styled boy band) originally from Kelowna are unafraid of alienating the occasional listener with their particular brand of modern prog-rock. Their second album is complex and lengthy, drawing heavily upon math-metal, a discordant style that is an acquired taste, to say the least. While influenced by this tradition, Bend Sinister also bring jazz and pop influences to their work. Heaviness is tempered with fluid guitar and bass melodies, creating a sound reminiscent at times of **Tortoise** and the more structured moments of **Don Caballero**.

According to guitarist and bass player Naben Ruthnum ("the cute one"), their sophomore release is their first as a serious band, having spent two years both geographically fractured and immersed in work, school and other projects. Plans for the next album include adding vocals and playing together on a regular basis. I sense definite **Yes** potential, so it's likely only a matter of time before fame chews them up and spits them out, leaving them morbidly obese and artistically bankrupt, playing ballads to middle-aged stadium crowds. I advise you to pick up this album at Scratch, and get them while they're still young, impassioned, and dare I say pretty, as all boy bands should be.

Susy Webb

Burquitlam Plaza
Big On Fall/Sing! Burquitlam Sing!
(Hive-Fi Recordings/Deer and Bird Records)

It's no secret that I adore the work of Nick Krgovich, aka that boy with glasses who plays in chamber pop group **p:ano**. So just how unbiased is this review going to be? Not very. But, dear reader, if you too have the love for such dreamy acts as (insert name of band that you adore that references **Belle and Sebastian** or **Low**) then boy do I have an album—or rather, two albums pressed on one CD (for economical reasons)—for you.

The first half of the CD, *Big On Fall*, was recorded in December 2001 at Krgovich's house by Colin Stewart. There's the sweet hit "I Sang In Church" (often heard in the Burquitlam Plaza live set) and the lovely "Flowers (Don't You Bring Me No)." Unfortunately, Burquitlam Plaza patented covers of soft favourites such as "Smooth Operator," "Bills Bills Bills," or "Love Lifts Us Up Where We Belong" have no place on this record. To include covers would probably bankrupt Hive-Fi and Deer and Bird. But you can listen to "Smooth Operator" on the Hive website. It's good. Trust me.

The second half of the album is *Sing! Burquitlam Sing!* Here, friends of Burquitlam sing songs by Burquitlam! What a swell idea! There's a rendition of "O Beauty" by Jon-Rae Fletcher, "Fighting or Asleep" by Veda Hille, and "All Around" by Ashley & Amber Webber (the darling sisters from The Organ and Jerk With A Bomb.) There's more, but you'll have to find out for yourself. Yes, if you loved p:ano's *When It's Dark and Its Summer*, you will love this album. And if you adore Vancouver's indie music scene and the stuff that's coming out of the Hive at the moment, you'd be a fool not to get your hands on a copy of Krgovich's latest opus.

Doretta Lau

Elevator
Dark to Light
(Blue Fog)

There's something to be said about albums that are absolutely mind-blowing beyond recognition when under the influence, but still engrossing and beautiful when sober. **Elevator**'s latest album does not fall into this category. At the moment I am sober, and what I hear is a muddle of delay pedal and distorted voices and guitar. I just tried reading the booklet for some direction or guidance in interpreting the music, but the writing is microscopic and appears to be something about rivers and valleys calling. The lyrics don't help me much more, the first discernible lyrics coming after about half an hour, and describing the effects of marijuana use (the song is called "High"). There are, however, two factors that save this album. Dallas Good of **The Sadies** sings and plays guitars on several tracks, and gives the trip an interesting and somewhat enchanting turn towards country music. Second is the (not nearly) occasional appearance of singer Tara White, who also brings a beautiful melodic element to the music in songs such as "Full Moon Song." In short, calling an album "Darkness to Light" and putting utterly incomprehensible songs at the beginning and less incomprehensible songs at the end does not make for a positive mind-blowing experience. If anything, it makes for a headache.

Soren Brothers

Fischerspooner
#1 Record
(Capitol/EMI)

For those of you who bought this album two years ago on German label International Deejay Gigolo Records you can choose to read on or skip over to the next review. After probably what was quite a major label battle, Capitol/EMI won the rights to re-release this highly hyped Electroclash album (don't you just hate the word "Electroclash"?). There's good reason for all that corporate bloodshed though, of all the electro-dross out there, this is at the top of the heap. And furthermore, at already age two, this album is one of the earlier releases that started the synth renaissance we seem to be experiencing at the moment. So don't mistake these guys for jumping on the bandwagon rather than leading it. Capitol sweetened the pot for us **Fischerspooner** veterans by adding three brand new songs and a remix, "Sweetness," "L.A. Song," "Mega C," and a **Junkie XL** remix of "Emerge" (the last two being hidden bonus tracks). These all still maintain the quality of earlier songs. They also mixed up the track listing a bit, good or bad... who knows? Other goodies included are a fold out booklet with mega photos of this kooky-looking band and a limted bonus DVD disc with a documentary, show history, MORE remixes and the usual blah, blah, blah. Fun! For those of you who are just getting to know our fine friends, Fischerspooner, they are a New York art collective (there's like a million people in this band!) based around two main members: Warren Fischer and Casey Spooner. It's '80s style synth-pop for the fashion runway, but more in a punk Vivienne Westwood kind of way than Liz Claiborne. One might want to say that they stole a few clothes from **Depeche Mode**, **Human League**, and **Gary Numan**'s closet and added some new millennium accessories. It's really a very pretty ensemble! Despite the nouveau CD packaging and extra songs my favourite standout tracks are the adrenaline pumped disco anthem "Emerge" and a sublime cover of **Wire**'s "The 15th." Go and see this band at the Commodore on April 22: my instincts tell me this is going to be quite a show!

Christine G

Flare
Hung
(Le Grand Magestery)

The press sticker on the case says **Flare**'s *Hung* sounds like **The Velvet Underground**'s "Heroin" heard through the dark new wave visors of Morrissey. Eh? What bollocks. That makes absolutely no sense. New wave? Morrissey? Excuse me? Morrissey is new wave? Since when? Bloody New York Times. It just shows you when their writers stopped listening to contemporary music. Middle of the 80s? By any chance?

But you can't blame Flare for this: it was probably the record company's idea to put the sticker on the case. However, what you can blame Flare for is the bloody music on this CD. If this is chamber pop, I'm heading for the cupboard to go bite on a blanket. Apparently lead vocalist L.G. Beghtol has worked with **The Magnetic Fields** on *69 Love Songs*. I have that album, and if it's so good why does a neglected copy lay collecting dust on my CD shelf? I don't much like them, so why would I like a less charming imitation? I think L.G. Beghtol is also channelling **The Pet Shop Boys**' Neil Tenant. Does that sound dirty? Well, I apologize, but seriously, he affects this breathy English accent when he sings which bugs the shit out of me—I'm English and I don't sound like that when I sing, so why should he? He's a yank for god's sake. Too many lonely nights with only **Belle and Sebastian** records for company, I should imagine, that's usually how it happens.

Anyway Flare drone on and on, proving that old adage: a mediocre song plus opulent production does not a good song make. "That's not an old adage," I hear you cry. Well, it bloody well should be. They tell you that they "don't like the way we live now." Suck it up, asshole. Like I care. They also wonder who "will teach them to love?" If I were them I'd be more concerned about who will teach them to sing, if this is, in fact, their chosen career. Then—making it all to easy for a twisted hack like myself—L.G. Beghtol confesses he'd like to be "found dead, face down, with a bullet in [his] head." Don't fucking tempt me. Flare: *Hung*—they fucking should be.

Merek Cooper

Fruit Bats
Mouthfuls
(Subpop)
A recipe for **Fruit Bats**: Take Eric Johnson of **Califone** and add Gillian Lisee on keys, bass, and mandolin. Stir in three cups of gentle country melodies with two cups of pop and a handful of **Sloan**-y vocals. Marinate in a mixture of melancholy and lost love. Add strings and the spookiest La La La's to track five. Toss some wooshy, squishy scratch into track six. Don't forget the percussion that sounds like change jingling in someone's pocket! Make each song slightly too long. Baste with a little **Young and Sexy**, then garnish with outer-space noises. The album at this point should be inconsistent, but appealing. Release on Subpop and serve.
Kat Siddle

Howe Gelb
The Listener
(Thrill Jockey)
Giant Sand front man Howe Gelb's latest solo outing is the soundtrack to trailer parks, big open skies, lonesome musings and overheard truck stop diner gossip. So why is a good portion of this recorded (on tape no less) in Denmark? Because that is where some of this disc's collaborators, **Under Byen**, hail from. Also on board for the hayride are Brett and Rennie Sparks of **The Handsome Family** and fellow Giant Sand members and **Calexico** frontmen Joe Burns and John Convertino.

The second track, "Felonius," features some humourous musings about the piano-stealing **Lou Reed** licks which good ol' Lou probably lifted from somewhere else. Howe does mention however he wished they were **Duke Ellington** or **Thelonius Monk** ripoffs instead.That gives you a good idea where this music is coming from: low rent with high ambition. Songs for that lonely, dusty sunset of the soul.
Paul Clarke

The Go-Betweens
Bright Yellow, Bright Orange
(Jetset)
I like tennis and oriental tea without milk, cream, or sugar. I like going home early and Trivial Pursuit. I like Chopin waltzes, Beethoven sonatas, and *Painted from Memory* by **Elvis Costello** and **Burt Bacharach**. Sometimes I wear white golf shirts with white walking shoes. I can't read without my glasses, but I love **The Go-Betweens**, which proves that I'm young and hip. Wait, only old people like The Go-Betweens. Fiddlesticks.
Christa Min

Kristen Hersh
The Grotto
(4AD)
A grotto is a small cave or cavern. Hersh's grotto is a metaphor for depression: both sonically and lyrically, this album takes the listener deep underground to experience a confused, numbed state of mind. There are no drums or bass here, nothing definite to cling to, nothing to move the sound out of this reflective sorrow. There aren't even many chords, the vocals often suspended by nothing more than a finger-picked acoustic guitar. These songs tend to blur together, and I'm not sure that Hersh's voice can support such sparse arrangements: her range is limited, and she often sounds like she's just speaking rhythmically, instead of actually singing. The best tracks on the album include piano, and restrained but lovely violin that express what her voice does not.

Hersh is, of course, more of a lyricist than a singer, and here it is the words that takes precedence over the voice. *The Grotto*'s lyrics are mysterious but evocative: "I am still staring through the fish-tank, with a fist full of Valium. This lukewarm catastrophe is a recipe for rebirth... or so I overheard." This album-length portrait of depression really draws the listener into the mood, though this success may also be the album's weak point. It mires itself in a delicate melancholy that doesn't seem to really go anywhere after the atmosphere has been established. But it's an interesting place to be stuck, nonetheless.
Kat Siddle

Lightning Bolt
Wonderful Rainbow
(Load)
Like a couple of dirty cavemen somehow bestowed with the golden keys of heaven, **Lightning Bolt** has made a huge leap from their previous albums and delivered one of the roughest, heaviest, and funnest chunks of raw transcendence ever laid to tape. The most obvious difference between *Wonderful Rainbow* and their last release, the undeniably awesome *Ride the Skies*, is the introduction of sonic diversity. Where before they cruised in the single gear of colossal, punishing grooves, they now introduce fragility, melody, and quiet beauty into their gut-wrenching feedback squalls. The result is nothing less than the total transformation of being through noise—after seven tracks of jaw-dropping, mind-bending anthems, the restrained loveliness of the title track feels like the cool sponge bath that follows a ten-round bout with a robot unicorn sent from heaven to pound you into enlightenment. Of course, this is only a brief respite, because as soon as it's over, you get thrown back into the ring with "30,000 Monkies." "Two Towers" is unquestionably the album's high point, though, when after a warm-up of stupidly technical kit-bashing, the two Brians (Chippendale-talking drums, Gibson-bass) that comprise **Lightning Bolt** kick into a monster two-note groove that rages back and forth across the plains of Gondor for a full five minutes, slaying everything in sight before descending into an orgy of triumphant corpse-fucking. In the next track, "On Fire," and the following "Longstockings," Gibson actually drops the distortion altogether for minutes at a time and plays with a cathartic clarity that clears the head as it pummels the body. This is the kind of thing that separates Lightning Bolt from their contemporaries in weirdo noise-rock; they have no interest in arty ambience like their friends and neighbours **Black Dice**, or the pretensions of avant-jazz metallists like **Ruins**. Instead, they strive for the wide-eyed enthusiasm of a child's crayon drawing, their ham-fisted, blood-and-sweat approach defying attempts (like mine) to intellectualize their unstoppable lust for life. Because in the end, Lightning Bolt is a happy band, so crazed with joy that the only possible expression is the beautiful chaos of total destruction.
Saelan

Nicolai Dunger
Soul Rush
(Lakeshore)
I could say any number of things about the way **Nicolai Dunger** sings, plays, and arranges his songs, but there's only thing you really need to know: he sounds exactly like **Van Morrison**. There's a little bit of **Nick Drake** in there too, and traces of **Jeff Buckley** in the vocals if you want to really dig for influences. It's really quite pretty stuff, but there's just no reason why you should buy this album unless you already own every recording by the (infinitely more essential) aforementioned musicians. His lyrics, I might add, are also quite poor—most likely a result of the Swede's inexpert grasp of English. His gravelly vocals defy interpretation most of the time, though, so this is a minor issue compared to the fact that these twelve tunes, while quite accomplished and even rather charming, are also utterly forgettable. If you haven't already, buy Astralwerks, *Pink Moon*, and *Grace*, and leave Nicolai Dunger to the teenaged Swedish girls who bought this album just because he's hot.
Saelan

The Spam Avenger
One Man's Attempt to Rid the World of Unsolicited E-Mail
(Catch and Release Recordings)
"Hotmail Username. Password. Inbox: 15 new messages. FREE: Penis Enlarging Pills. FREE: cellphone service. FREE: Bible seminar. FREE: unlimited wealth opportunity."

If these are the words that greet you every morning when you open your email, **The Spam Avenger** may be just what you need. Imagine, contacting all the companies that send you unwanted spam and pretending to be interested in their product when you are not, and slowly revealing to the telemarketer on the other end of the phone that you are interested in their free cellphone service, for example, because it will help you more effectively run your hitman service. And then, when they're starting to get creeped out by speaking to what they think is a hitman, keeping them on the phone as long as possible by talking about everyday subjects, while still occasionally mentioning how your hitman business has been booming lately.

This is the sort of stuff the Spam Avenger does. He phones up spammers and gets back at them. And listening to it is funny. Really funny, actually. Because it makes you realize how far telemarketers will go on the phone with a total weirdo stranger if they think they'll be able to make a sale. When receiving an unsolicited email, the Spam Avenger looks for the toll-free number on the bottom promising unlimited wealth and gives it a ring. He then calls up and says something like: "Hi, this is Leonard. I am EXTREMELY excited about this opportunity for financial freedom." Once engaged on the phone with the third party, the Spam Avenger attempts to stay on the call as long as possible, solely in order to cause mischief and waste the company's time while running up their long distance bills.

The problem with this CD is that listening to 70 minutes of poorly-recorded telephone 'interviews' is not exactly my idea of a good time, no matter how funny they are in short spurts. So, it's not the most marketable CD ever. But considering Mr. Avenger's goals are to topple the blatant commercialism of many companies, I doubt he expected to make thousands of dollars on this release anyways.
Ted Zsee

The Reunion Show
Kill Your Television
(Victory)
Whoa. Turn down the suck. This album, more aptly named "Kill Your Stereo," is painful from start to finish. Well, actually, that's a little harsh. It probably would have been more enjoyable if I was a twelve-year-old girl buying glitter and bubblegum at the mall. This slick plastic package might as well be the free soundtrack that comes with every subscription to Tiger Beat.

The intro to the first song has some decent chunky pop-punk riffs, and vocalist Mark Thomas does a bit of interesting moog work, but then Mark disappoints by opening his mouth. An example of some of the lyrical waste that he spews, from "Stuck On You": "oh please cutie / won't you come and meet me / underneath the elm outside / we'll hug and giggle / maybe our lips will wiggle." Twelve-year-old, Bubblegum. Mall. Victory Records used to be one of my favourite record labels. They gave me **Thursday** and **Taking Back Sunday**! Why, then, this pitiful plunge into mediocrity? Maybe Taking Back Sunday's Adam Lazzara and John Nolan can teach these Reunion Show kids a little about being literate. Maybe someone will send them a dictionary. Or maybe I should just learn not to judge a band by its label.
Marie Foxall

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April
(Some where it is Spring and sometimes people are real)

1. Parallelatuesdays
2. Bruce Freedman Trio
3. Funkshun
4. Fond of Tigers
Joel R.L. Phelps
5. Springer and Ducommun
6. Petunia w/ Black Feather
7. Website Launch Party w/ Golden Wedding Band Beans Carter Hayes Noosphere 9:00 - late
8. Parallelatuesdays
9. Hearse of Old Me's (New York) w/International Falls
10. A/V Lodge
11. Crash Indie Writers Fest w/Alexis O'Hara
12. Unclean Weiner David Yonge 7-9 Crash Indie Writers Fest
13. Aagoo
14. 'works on paper' Opening by Gloria Edith Hole w/musical guests t.b.a.
15. Parallelatuesdays
16. Bruno Hubert Trio
17. Crash Indie Writers Fest
19. Tony Wilson + Daniel Kane group
20. Bison
22. Parallelatuesdays
23. Jesse Cahill Trio
24. A/V Lodge
25. Ashby + Ducommun w/JT King
26. Neins Roger Dean Young
29. Parallelatuesdays

thats right ladies and gents starting April 7 you can check out
sugarrefinery.com
and watch as we enter the future.
Thanks to Mave Gibson David Griffith Chad Swan and all the contributers

I can't remember the rest of the e e cummings poem but it's something like this

Imagine real flowers but I can't imagine real flowers for if I could they would not longer be real

real live action

live music reviews

SNOCORE:
SPARTA
GLASSJAW
HOT WATER MUSIC
DREDG
Commodore Ballroom
Thursday, February 27

It can be hard to describe a concert which seems to be at once four opening acts and four headliners. Beyond this, it only complicates things when the supposed headliner is a band which seems to be getting the worst press of all. While it could have been overwhelming, I was able to face the challenge once my music festival hat was on, considering each band as developed and popular in their own rights, each with their own set of fans. To kick off the concert, **Dredg**, the least known of the bands given by the crowd and word of mouth, created an absolutely beautiful experience. Coming out as perfectionists, they were endlessly trying to innovate with new sounds and textures in their music, and were happy to take their time and showcase the music their fans would want to hear—a wonderful thing for an opening band to do. Especially exciting was that the drummer continued to play as the set finished, and as they disassembled his drum set, playing on the microphone by the end. **Hot Water Music** and **Glassjaw** were the next two up—both obviously had some crowd support given the healthy mosh pit and rows of smiles and bouncing heads everywhere, and I actually started wondering if anyone was actually here to see **Sparta**. Having just read the recent *Ubyssey* article ridiculing **Sparta**, and hearing the popular notion that they're just a bunch of has-beens who are not (but maybe should be?) **At the Drive In**, I figured that there could be no better way to see if these guys were for real than by actually seeing them in person. And the verdict? The rockers from El Paso grabbed everyone's attention, and just crowded The Commodore dance floor with immobilized standers enjoying the lights and grinding music. They write powerful emotionally driving music, and they know it, and the crowd at The Commodore knew it. As with most festivals I felt spread a bit thin, without being able to give any particular group the concentration it deserved. Still, I couldn't help but enjoy the atmosphere of it all, let alone the buzz in my ear as I got on the #10 with my slice of post-rock pizza.

Man Meets Bear

CANADIAN MUSIC WEEK
February 27-March 1
Toronto, Ontario

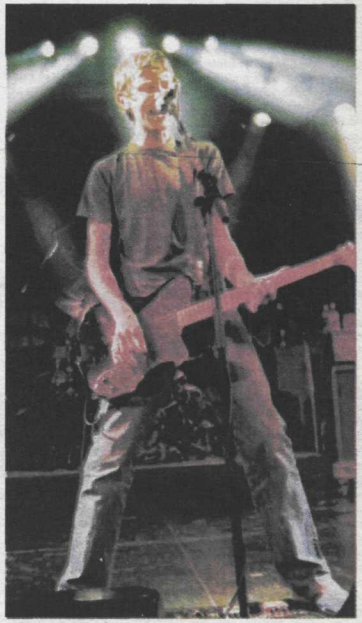
Canadian Music Week is an annual festival in Toronto where Canadian bands are showcased to the music industry, the media, and the fans. It's not for the lazy; you have to try to soak in as much as possible with 150 bands playing at 28 locations for three nights.

I began my CMW adventures at the Horseshoe Tavern on Thursday night. **Spek** was on stage. Spek featured a male and a female vocalist with backing guitars and drums. If you combine the **B-52's** with **Cypress Hill**, you'll get Spek. They were singing sugary sweet hip-hop songs and I mildly enjoyed the show. Next up were **The Snitches** from Montreal. Scott Moodie (their singer) was the craziest person ever to appear on stage! He was flailing his arms and shaking his body like a madman. The Snitches' songs were energetic and fun, but who the hell cares as everything was being overshadowed by the fantastic Moodie. A band from Hamilton called **Warsaw Pack** followed the Snitches. They were a hip-hop/jazz/rock band that seemed to sing a lot about politics. Partly because I couldn't decipher their lyrics, and partly because all their songs sounded the same, I got bored and decided to leave. I went into a club called The 360 and a band called **The Livid** had just begun their set. I believe The Livid performed generic mainstream hardcore rock, but I can't really remember. My memory is good at forgetting awful things.

Friday night started off with **Vetch** at the Victory Café. Vetch consisted of Kora Woolsey on acoustic guitar, occasionally helped out by a guy with a horn. Kora had a great voice but it did not seem to suit her music. The music was mellow and soft but her vocals were too over powering. After a few songs by Vetch I left and walked to the Tequila Lounge to catch CiTR Shindig 2002 champion **Black Rice**. I arrived a bit too early and a group called **Dee** was on stage. Dee played exactly the kind of music you'd expect to hear at a dance club filled with underaged teenagers. Heavy on the beat machines and dependent on the voice synthesizer I did not find their music too original or exciting. Eventually the time came for Black Rice to perform and they kicked some serious ass (no surprise there!). Maybe because the Tequila Lounge was too obscure or remote there weren't a lot of people there to enjoy the show, which was disappointing. After Black Rice I went to the El Mocambo for the **Two-Minute Miracles**. The place was packed. The Two-Minute Miracles delivered what the crowd came for — song after song of deliciously crafted pop gems. Andy Magoffin was brilliant, and with his lyrics he proved again that he is one of the best songwriters around. After the Miracles a friend of mine told me to go see this band called **The Barmitzvah Brothers** at the Silver Dollar. I'm glad I did. The Barmitzvah Brothers are made up of two girls aged 18 and two boys aged 14 and 15. They were nothing short of amazing. Using bizarre instruments like a kitschy keyboard and a hockey stick with chains, they played quirky unpredictable art rock tunes that I never expect from a bunch of kids. Some of their songs are priceless, especially one about committing mail fraud - an instant classic! I stayed at the Silver Dollar the rest of the night and saw two bands afterwards, **The Bicycles** and **Space Elevator**. Both bands were of the indie pop rock variety, and both were adequate. The Bicycles were the better of the two, with their '60s style pop songs, soft and overloaded with harmonies, whereas Space Elevator performed more straight up style rock with a few country songs mixed it.

The Meligrove Band at the Horseshoe started off my last night at CMW. What energy! It's obvious that these guys love what they are doing. Their rock tunes were filled with hooks and were extremely danceable. You could say that their music sounds a bit too similar to the likes of **Thrust Hermit** or **Superfriendz**, but is that such a bad thing? Someone has to carry the east coast rock torch. By the time Vancouver's own **The Organ** appeared on stage the Horseshoe was completely packed. One of the biggest buzz band at CMW, it was obvious that everyone was there to see The Organ. This was a huge accomplishment for them. They did not disappoint, presenting fans with a dark and chilling show. I headed straight to the Silver Dollar to see Winnipeg's **Paper Moon** afterwards. They got a new bassist and he seemed very excited to be in the band (apparently he's a longtime fan and once even asked for their autographs). He fit in well and Paper Moon delivered an assortment of incredibly enjoyable rock songs. **The Heavy Blinkers** was a band that I have been dying to see for many years. They got on stage right after Paper Moon. Well, most of them. The stage was too small for this ten piece band so some of them had to stand off stage. Their joyful music was loaded with clever arrangements and perfect harmonies. I was very impressed but I was told later that the band is even better when playing in their hometown of Halifax, with a bigger stage and a sound guy that better understood their instruments. Vancouver's **Radiogram** provided the perfect ending for the night with their mellow artrootsy music. Their quiet and relaxing set was exactly what I needed after three long (albeit fun) nights at CMW.

Ben Lai



Sparta, Commodore Ballroom. Photo By Emily Kendy

RÖYKSOPP
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday, March 9

After the mediocre **Ladytron** show earlier on in the week, I was unsure of what to expect from these fresh-faced Norwegians of lesser popularity. I was, however, more than surprised to see almost 800 people at a show for an act whose debut and only full-length album, *Melody AM*, was released domestically only a few months ago.

While less known than England's Ladytron, **Röyksopp** (Norwegian for a type of mushroom) are the most commercially successful of Norway's electronic exports—a list that includes stalwarts like **Mr. Velcro Fastener**, **Mat 101**, and Geir Jenssen (**Biosphere**). After a string of successful singles with *Melody AM*, Röyksopp stormed the scene. Mention of their album alongside such electronic pop releases as **Moby**'s *Play* and **Air**'s *Moon Safari*, Röyskopp is posed for greatness.

I'd love to be a sarcastic mother and slag these lads, but they brought the beats (and the digital drums!) that Sunday night, there's no denying that! Torbjørn Brundtland and Svein Berge looked genuinely excited to play Vancouver. With one member on keyboards and various electric apparatuses and the other banging furiously on those electric drums made popular in the '80s—both accompanied by an able but cheesy-looking bassist who would have been more at home with The Boss's band than with the dance-floor house/electro-pop duo who's name no one can pronounce—Röyksopp's stage presence was delightfully energetic and playfully corny. Making up for not dragging guest vocalists included on their full-length like fellow countryman and Kings of Convenience member Erlend Øye, the duo sang the vocals with heavy processing for effect.

A couple of encores, a couple versions of "Poor Leno," a few elated moments inspired by Röyksopp's funked-out summertime soundtrack music, and the three left the stage. They didn't seem to want anything to do with the record label's private meet n' greet arranged for them: the duo walked onto The Commodore dance floor

almost as quick as they left the stage. Chatting briefly with one half of Röyksopp, he seemed to be more interested in my female companions than my star-fucking attention. When I asked him where his partner in electro-crime was, he replied in a heavy Norwegian accent, "Probably off fucking some girl." Who says electronageeks can't be rock stars?

Robert Robot

DESTROYER
JERK WITH A BOMB
SINOIA CAVES
Richard's On Richard's
Thursday, March 20

The air was thick with anticipation and a diverse, bustling crowd as seemingly every music lover in Vancouver turned out brimming with hometown spirit for the return of this city's favorite son, and the first **Destroyer** show since his solo spot opening for **Cat Power** last March. **Sinoia Caves** started the show off with a solo electronic set consisting of deep, heavy drones and dark and spacey keyboard melodies, accented occasionally with sublime, heavily processed vocals that would make **Schneider TM** jealous. When he left the vocals behind, though, his music ventured too far into repetition, and the impatient crowd was hardly in the mood for his ambient soundscapes. **Jerk With A Bomb** has a lot of fans in this town, and though I've never acquired the taste, their stark and dusty brand of alt-country/new wave certainly got the people a little more amped up. Adding a fourth member to what was formerly a duo, one of the lovely ladies of **The Organ** contributed backing vocals and tambourine, while the new-ish German multi-instrumentalist helped them step up from spare death-songs to full-throttle rock n' roll. I've always felt they lacked hooks, though, and this unfortunately remains unchanged. They rock loudly, and with driving energy, but a decided lack of memorable riffing keeps them down. The fact that little effort is expended on solid vocal melodies or delivery doesn't help, either. Maybe if I could make out the lyrics, they'd add some magic, but the band's gravelly voices rendered their lyrics incomprehensible to me. A shame, no doubt.

After JWAB wrapped up, conversation raged with curiosity over the new band Dan Bejar had assembled to back him up on *This Night* as the new incarnation of Destroyer. Had he deserted us by moving to Montreal—and what kind of guys did he find there to record with? I recalled a discussion I once had about Destroyer as the quintessential Vancouver band: I asked my friend, "How could our best songwriter just pack up and leave us?" She replied, "Well, moving to Montreal is a such a 'Vancouver' thing to do, anyway." When the band finally hit the stage, they were greeted with shouts and applause before launching into a furious version of "Strike," from *Streethawk*. The new direction of the group was immediately evident: Dan wants to rock, and while his new band isn't as tight as one might hope (the drummer, in particular, kept falling out of time) they impart a raw, loud immediacy that was never one of Destroyer's hallmarks but is clearly their new strength. Songs from *This Night*, which I found a touch weak-kneed on disc, leapt onto the stage fully fleshed and driving. The keyboard player definitely knew what he was doing, and the drummer's abnormally large kit made up for his shortcomings with its stunningly deep thumping, but Dan Bejar himself was, of course, the center of attention. His idiosyncratic voice and oblique lyrics make all the more impact when coupled with his terrific stage presence, in which we all basked contentedly. The set consisted mostly of songs from *This Night*, and I know I wasn't the only one a little disappointed when the show ended without "The Bad Arts" or "Virgin With A Memory," but as another rock hero once said, "You can't always get what you want". The stormy rendition of "Hey Snow White" that closed the show was awe-inspiring, though, and Dan's one-song solo encore was the sweet and gentle come-down from a long-awaited ride that left me blissed-out, dazed, and content.

Saelan

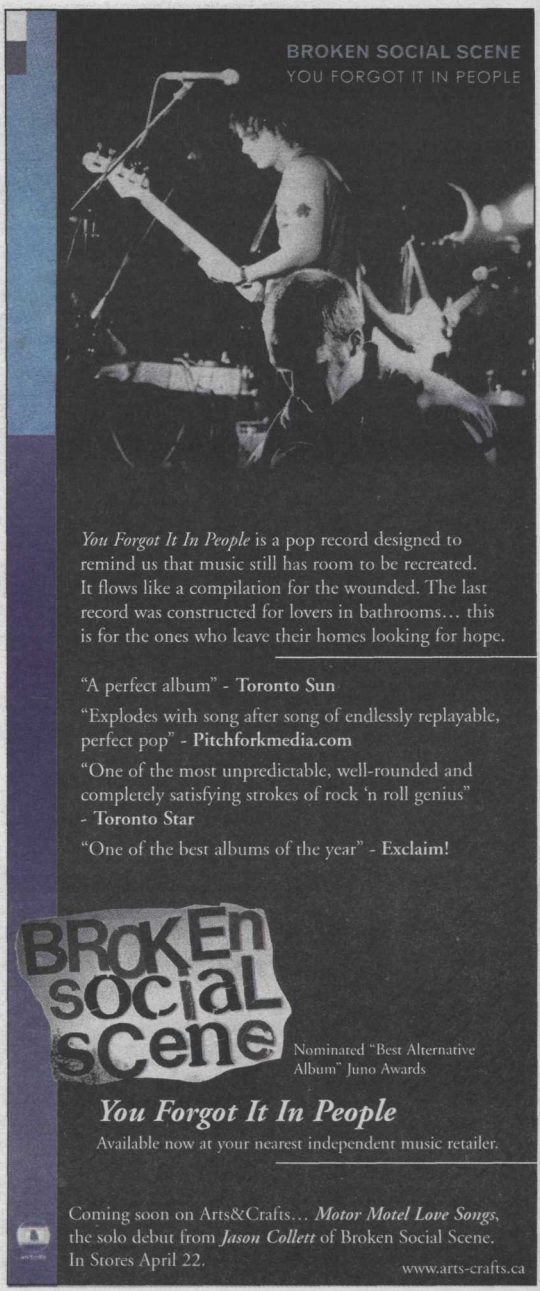
THE BE GOOD TANYAS
THE WAIFS
SERENA RIDER
Commodore Ballroom
Friday, March 21

At first, I wished that I'd gotten there earlier, so I could have heard more of **Serena Rider**'s audacious, club-filling voice. Then I wished that I'd gotten there later, so I didn't have to sit through **The Waifs** seemingly endless set. Maybe it was the hangover, maybe it was the fact that I was there alone. Or maybe it's just that "this is nothing new," as one of the pretty sisters noted their second song (though I think she was actually talking about love). The crowd was really excited, though, bouncing around and making them encore while I nursed my single free beer and wondered: are these skinny Australians called The Waifs because they're trying to reclaim the word?

After what seemed like hours **The Be Good Tanyas** finally arrived on stage. Their vocals are much fuller and prettier live than on either of their albums, though their instrumentation remained spooky and spare. Frazey Ford was seven months pregnant and kept dashing offstage to pee. Trish Klein is the cutest banjo player I've ever seen, which only fuels my secret desire to master the much-maligned instrument. After they played "Rain and Snow," I was satisfied, despite my misanthropic mood and hangover. The Be Good Tanyas are damn good.

Kat Siddle

The Meligrove Band, CMW, Toronto. Photo by Ben Lai



You Forgot It In People is a pop record designed to remind us that music still has room to be recreated. It flows like a compilation for the wounded. The last record was constructed for lovers in bathrooms… this is for the ones who leave their homes looking for hope.

"A perfect album" - **Toronto Sun**

"Explodes with song after song of endlessly replayable, perfect pop" - **Pitchforkmedia.com**

"One of the most unpredictable, well-rounded and completely satisfying strokes of rock 'n roll genius" - **Toronto Star**

"One of the best albums of the year" - **Exclaim!**

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

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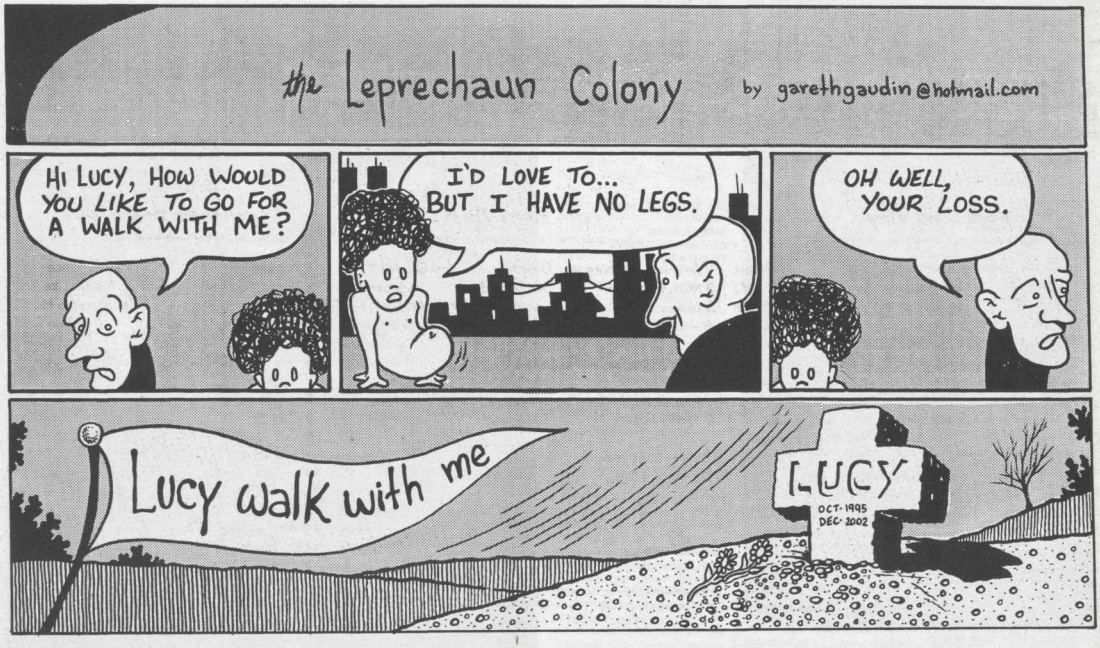
www.arts-crafts.ca



Wednesday Apr 2nd...Red Cat Records Night with Ford Pier and DJ Mittenhead
Thursday Apr 3rd...Petunia and his band with guests Cremona
Friday Apr 4th...Great Northern...modern bluegrass with cello&viola
Saturday Apr 5th...straight out of the studio, Bottleneck
Thursday Apr 10th...Acoustic folk with Kent Mcalister and Leah Abramson
Friday Apr 11th...Jack Harlan Band (Nettwerk) with victorias Jeremy Fisher
Saturday Apr 12th...Amy Honey and special guests Antler (victoria)
Thursday Apr 17th...fingerstyle guitar folk with The Hugh Fisher Band
Friday Apr 18th....Butch Murphy and The Hired Guns (rockabilly)
Saturday Apr 19th..Pete Campbell and Rockin' James (Sweaters) with Jon Wood
Thursday April 24th..Double bill with Glenn Mishaw and Jeff Turney
Friday April 25th...John Gulick and The Lougan Brothers
Saturday April 26th..Blackfeather and The Graham Brown Duo
Thursday May 1st...Tba
Friday May 2nd..Victoria's Clay George and his band

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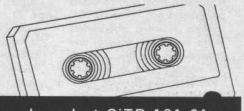
charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm

April Long Vinyl

1	Be Good Tanyas	Chinatown	Nettwerk
2	The Datsuns	The Datsuns	V2
3	The User	Symphony #2...	Asphodel
4	The D4	6twenty	Flying Nun
5	The Beans	Inner Cosmosis	Foreverbad
6	Sea and Cake	One Bedroom	Thrill Jockey
7	Shipping News	Three-Four	Touch and Go
8	Lightning Bolt	Wonderful Rainbow	Load
9	Wolf Eyes	Dead Hills	Troubleman Unl.
10	Les Tabernacles	Born Ready	Teenage Rampage
11	John Ford	Bullets For Dreamers	Bumstead
12	Aphex Twin	26 Mixes For Cash	Warp
13	Bonnie Prince...	Master and Everyone	Drag City
14	Turbonegro	Ass Cobra	Burning Heart
15	Tim Hecker	Radio Amor	Mille Plateaux
16	Salteens	Let Go of Your Bad...	No Records
17	Easy Star...	Dub Side Of The Moon	Easy Star
18	Smog	Supper	Drag City
19	Calexico	Feast of Wire	Touch and Go
20	USA Song Poem	Do You Know...	Bar None
21	Pangina	Box Lunch	Indie
22	Postal Service	Give Up	Sub Pop
23	JWAB	Pyrokinesis	Scratch
24	Xerophonics	s/t	Seeland
25	Mouse On Mars	Rost Pocks	Too Pure
26	Snuff	Disposible Home	Union 2112
27	Burquitlam Plaza	Big On Fall/Sing!...	Hive-Fi
28	Cat Power	You Are Free	Matador
29	N. Dunger	Tranquil Isolation	Dolores
30	Subarachnoid...	Also Rising	Strange Attractors
31	Gloryholes	Want A Divorce	Dirtnap
32	Windy and Carl	Introspection	Blue Flea
33	Loose Fur	s/t	Drag City
34	Mind Flayer	Take Your Skin Off	Bulb
35	Minus 5	Down With Wilco	Yep Roc

April Short Vinyl

1	Birthday Machine	Direction...	Top Quality R n' R
2	Maximum R n' R	Switchblade	Independent
3	Lupine Howl	Don't Lose Your Head	Vinyl Hiss
4	Veal	I Hate Your Lipstick	Six Shooter
5	New Town Animals	Fashion Fallout	Dirtnap
6	Gentlemen Of Horror	5 Song 45	Independent
7	Service Group	Manufacto	Squid vs. Whale
8	Frog Eyes/JWAB	Split	Global S.
9	Mirah	Small Scale	K
10	Armatron	s/t	GSL
11	Artimus Pyle	s/t	Prank
12	Semiautomatic	Remixed by...	GSL
13	World Burns to Death	Human Meat...	Prank
14	The Agenda	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
15	Dexters Laboratory	The Hip Hop Exp.	Rhino
16	The Spitfires	Juke Box High	Glazed
17	Get Hustle	Who Do You Love	Gravity Scat
18	Chromatics	s/t	GSL
19	Shannon Wright	A Junior Hymn	Grey Flat
20	The Starvations	Horrified Eyes	GSL

April Indie Home Jobs

1	Antique City	Piecemeal
2	The Department	Winner Like You
3	Me	Counting the Hours
4	Ashley Schram	Urban Rain
5	William Hardman	Cherry Pie
6	Girl Nobody	Come and Find Me
7	Snow Goats	The Dressmakers
8	The Blacklist	The Blacklist
9	Silt	Untitled
10	The Hand	Already Not Yet
11	Therefore	Untitled
12	Thriller	Untitled
13	The Feminists	Sad Echo Wailed
14	Skeleton	Like You
15	Magical Glass Tears	These Autumn Leaves
16	Shitfaced	Live Untitled
17	The Panic	The Knock
18	Lisa O'Neill	Internal
19	The Millionaires	Cryin' Over You
20	Shinen	Excess

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "April" charts reflect airplay over March). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

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your guide to CiTR 101.9fm

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00PM-10:00PM *RhythmsIndia* features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TRANCENDANCE 10:00PM-12:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic al.<trancendance@hotmail.com>

THE SHOW 12:00-2:00pm

ANTELOPE FREEWAY 2:00-6:00am

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE 3:00-4:00PM A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

SOLARIZATION (on haitus for summer) alt. 6:00PM-6:30PM Current affairs with an edge. Kenneth Chan exposes issues that truly matter. None of that mainstream crap. Anybody say controversy? Email: <solarization@radio.fm>

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Apr. 7: In celebration of trumpet giant Freddie Hubbard's 65th birthday we present his own favourite album, *Above and Beyond*. Recorded at the legendary Keystone Korner in San Francisco.

Apr. 14: Another birthday: This time one of the most distinctive voices of the tenor saxophone, the late Gene Ammons. *Jug* is heard on a live date in his home town with just organ and drums, *Live in Chicago*.

Apr. 21: The first of a two-part feature on the great yet unheralded tenor saxophonist Sal Nistico. Tonight, his first, an all-star date with Nat Adderley (cornet) and Barry Harris (piano) and others called *Heavyweights*.

Apr. 28: Sal Nistico's second date is a rare item with Harris as the holdover and some of Sal's Syracuse homeboys like Sal Amico (trumpet) and Vinnie Ruggiero (drums). *Comin' On Up*.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) on Friday nights.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal! <bornin sixtynine@hotmail.com>

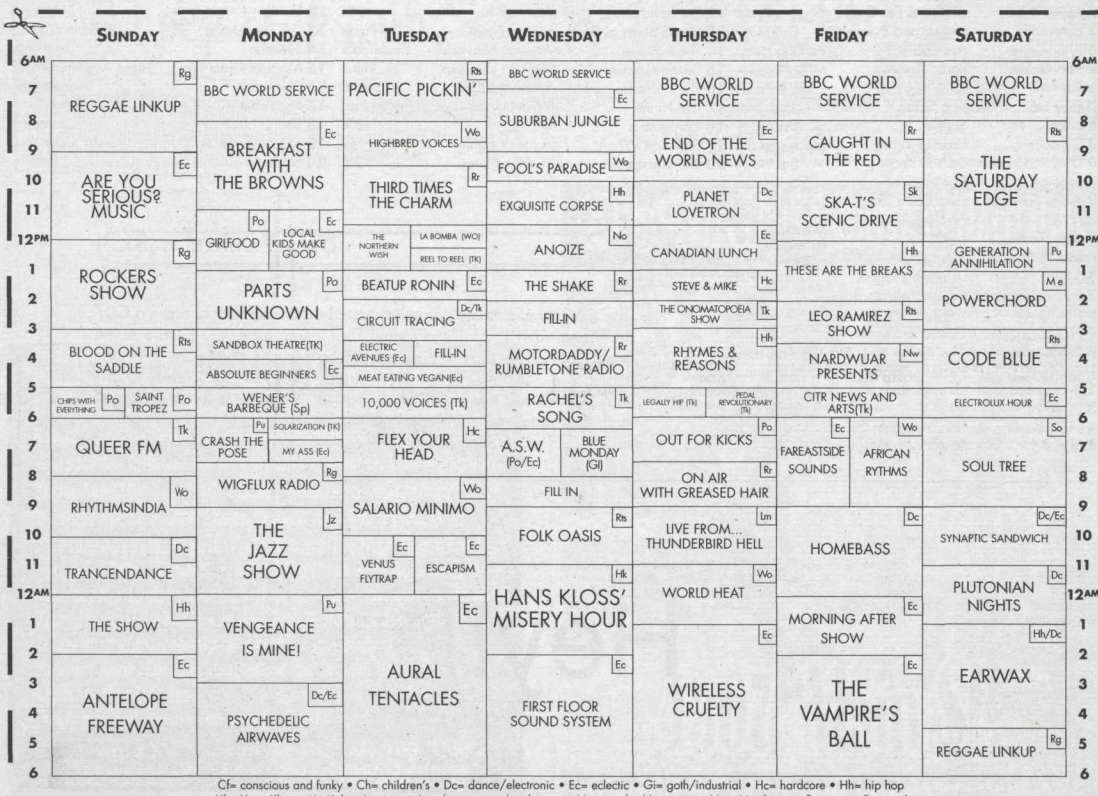
THE NORTHERN WISH alt. 11:30AM- 1:00PM

LA BOMBA alt. 11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL alt 12:30PM-1:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING (FORMERLY CPR AND EMP) 2:00-3:30PM



Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk = ska •So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

FILL-IN ALT. 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00PM-8:00PM Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. http://flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM <loveden@hotmail.com

ESCAPISM alt. 10:00AM-12.00PM Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile.

Apr. 1: Gamelan Roundtable-Balinese Gong Kebyar with guest UBC School of Music Professor Dr. Michael Tenzer and Javanese Court Gamelan with SFU Gamelan Director Sutrisno Hartana.

Apr. 15: DJ Satyricon in Dub

Apr. 29: *Church of Hell-Live.* The devil's advocates of improvisational noise. <DJSatyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00AM-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

EXQUISITE CORPSE (FORMERLY RADIO FREE PRESS) 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

FILL-IN 2:00-3:00PM

MOTORDADDY alt 3:00-5:00PM Cycle-riffic rawk and roll!

RUMBLETONE RADIO alt. 3:00-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.necessaryvoices.org

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 6:30-8:00PM (First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL IN 8:00PM-9:00PM

FOLK OASIS 9:00- 11:00PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage! <folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by *Chocolate Thunder*; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanship. <rboflove@yahoo.com>

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velorution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00PM-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. <ripitup55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. http://www.stepandahalf.com/tbirdhell

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to <djska_k@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CiTR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM A volunteer produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

FILL-IN 12:00-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 2:00-6:00AM Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION 12:00-1:00PM Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00AM-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

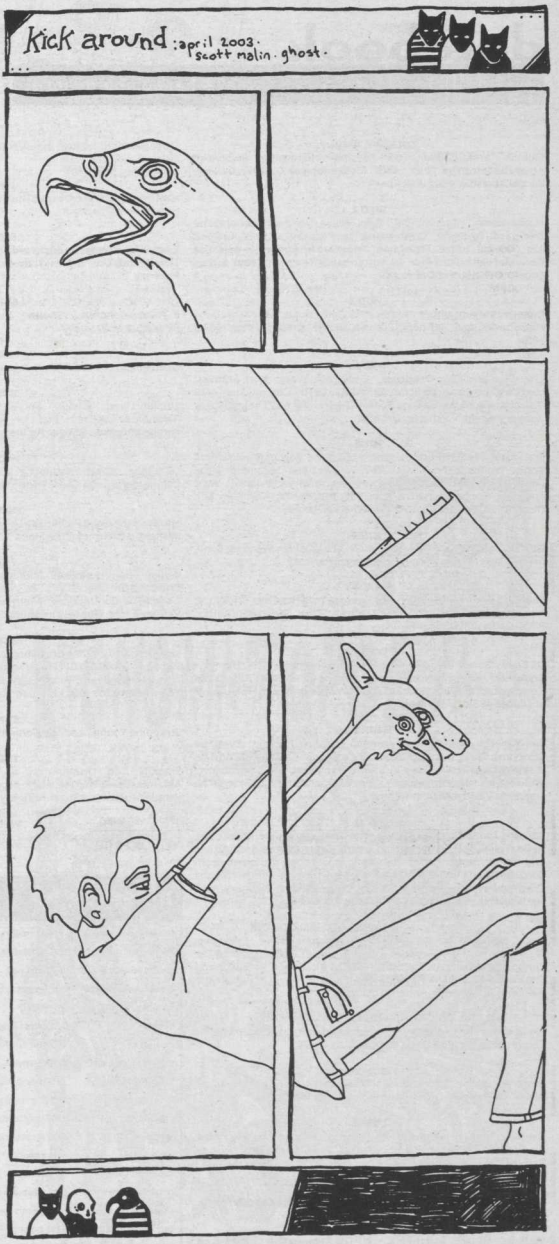
SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00AM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM Cutting edge, progressive organ music with resident Haitchc and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then? http://plutonia.org

EARWAX 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz... " Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria shake. Hosted by Sister B.

LISTEN TO CiTR ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA



datebook

what's happening in april

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE MAY ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS APRIL 19. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

TUESDAY, APRIL 1
Smokin' and Drinkin' on Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amandasonic@The Pic; AMS Collection@AMS Art Gallery; Parallelatuesday@Sugar Refinery

WED 2
Motherdown, randomblind, Drip, Polys, Mecha Messiah@The Brickyard; DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@The Pic; AMS Collection@AMS Art Gallery; Bruce Freedman Trio@Sugar Refinery; Red Cat Records Night: Ford Pier, DJ Mittenhead@The Main; Miss Kitty's Caberet@The Purple Onion

THUR 3
Danu@Croatian Culture Centre; AMS Collection@AMS Art Gallery; Funkshun@Sugar Refinery; Petunia and his band, Cremona@The Main

FRI 4
Che Chapter 127, Deadsure, End This Week With Knives, Harrow@The Pic; Arab Strap, Bright Eyes@The Commodore; AMS Collection@AMS Art Gallery; Fond of Tigers, Joel R.L. Phelps@Sugar Refinery; Great Northern@The Main

SAT 5
Staticbed@Studebakers; Margaret Cho@The Vogue; Buju Banton, Wayne Wonder@The Commodore; Springer and Ducommun@The Sugar Refinery; Faces of Eve@The Brickyard; Mike Watt and The Secondmen@The Pic; CKY@Richard's; Springer and Ducommun@Sugar Refinery; Bottleneck@The Main

MON 7
Open Mike@The Pic; Website Launch Party: Golden Wedding Band, Beans, Carter Hayes, Noosphere@Sugar Refinery

TUE 8
Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amandasonic@The Pic; The Datsuns, The Sights@Richard's; Parallelatuesday@Sugar Refinery

WED 9
DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@The Pic; 54-40, I Mother Earth, The New Deal@Arts County Fair; Tom Cochrane and Red Rider@The Commodore; Idlewild@Richard's; Patty Larkin@W.I.S.E. Hall; Hearse of Old Me's@Sugar Refinery

THUR 10
Spirit of the West@The Centennial Theatre; Faces of Eve@The Brickyard; Three Inches of Blood, By a Thread, Deadsure, End This Week With Knives@Video-In Studio; Tangiers@The Commodore; Wide Mouth Mason@Richard's; Tom Cochrane and Red Rider@The Vogue; A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery

FRI 11
Caesars, The Soundtrack of Our Lives@The Commodore; Millencolin, Rufio, Ten Foot Pole@Croatian Cultural Centre; Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band (including that cool drummer from Conan)@Pacific Coliseum; The Black Heart Procession@Richard's; Crash Indie Writers Fest w/ Alexis O'Hara@Sugar Refinery; Jack Harlan Band, Jeremy Fisher@The Main

SAT 12
Roch Voisine@The Vogue; Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Blackfeather@The Gumboot Garden Cafe; Clumsy Lovers@The Commodore; Shikasta, The Spitfires@The Pic; Robert Randolph and The Family Band@The Royal; Unclean Weiner, David Yonge@Sugar Refinery; Amy Honey, Antler@The Main

SUN 13
Joe Cocker@The Orpheum; Rocket from the Crypt, The Spits@The Commodore, Agogo@Sugar Refinery

MON 14
Open Mike@The Pic; Kathleen Edwards@Richard's, "Works on Paper" Opening By Gloria Edith Hole@Sugar Refinery

TUE 15
Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amandasonic@The Pic; Gladyss Patches@The Roxy; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WED 16
DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@The Pic, Bruno Hubert Trio@Sugar Refinery

THUR 17
Yanni@GM Place; Matthew Good, The Dears@The Commodore; J. Plummer, Lisa Winn@Cafe Deux Soleils; The Polyphonic Spree@Richard's; Crash indie Writers Fest@Sugar Refinery; The Hugh Fisher Band@The Main

FRI 18
Matthew Good, The Dears@The Commodore; Butch Murphy and The Hired Guns@The Main

SAT 19
Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard, Vinyl@Fairview Pub; Matthew Good, The Dears@The Vogue; Tony Wilson, Daniel Kane Group@Sugar Refinery

SUN 20
E-Town Concrete, Soulfly, Sworn Enemy@The Commodore; Bison@Sugar Refinery

MON 21
Open Mike@The Pic, Groove Armada@The Commodore

TUE 22
Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amandasonic@The Pic; Fischerspooner@The Commodore; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WED 23
DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@The Pic; Pete Yorn, Grandaddy@The Commodore; Jesse Cahill Trio@Sugar Refinery

THUR 24
Mason Jennings@Richard's; A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery; Glenn Mishaw, Jeff Turney@The Main

FRI 25
Walker Band, Motion Soundtrack@The Railway Club; Kathy Troccoli@GM Place; Vic Chesnutt, M. Ward@Richard's; Matthew Good@The Commodore; Ashby and Ducommun w/JT King@Sugar Refinery; John Guliak, The Lougan Brothers@The Main

SAT 26
Livewirepalooza@The Brickyard; Avril "Fucking" Lavigne, Gob, Swollen Members@GM Place; Matthew Good@The Commodore; Neins, Roger Dean Young@Sugar Refinery; The Yeah Yeah Yeahs@Richard's; Blackfeather, The Graham Brown Duo@The Main

SUN 27
Strapping Young Lad@The Commodore; Ashley MacIsaac@Richard's

TUE 29
Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amandasonic@The Pic; Mark Browning, Lisa Winn@College Bistro; Parallelatuesdays@Sugar Refinery

WED 30
DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@The Pic

special events

BRIGHT EYES, ARAB STRAP
FRIDAY, APRIL 4
The saddest bastards from two hemispheres unite for maximum misery. Let's all cry on each other's shoulders.

POLYPHONIC SPREE
THURSDAY, APRIL 17
So if thirty people all live together, perform in white robes, and sing songs of eternal euphoria, are they a cult? If so, sign me up.

YANNI
THURSDAY, APRIL 17
The world's biggest New Age music "star" and the Polyphonic Spree on the same night—that's a lot of robed nut jobs in the downtown core.

PETE YORN, GRANDADDY
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23
Well, you could always leave after Grandaddy, but it's at the Commodore, so the tickets are bloody expensive, aren't they? Shit.

places to be

active pass records	324 w. hasting	604.646.2411
bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!!	36 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
club 23	23 west cordova	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
legion of van	300 west pender	
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender	
orpheum theatre	smithe at seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301
pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
royal	1029 granville	
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

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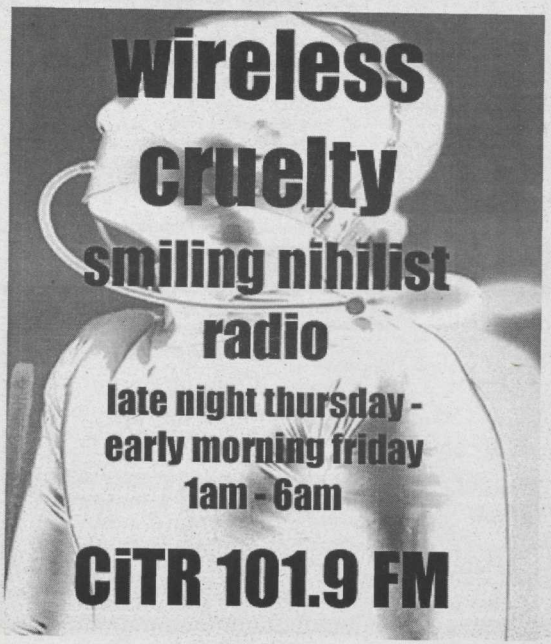

ZULU TIMES

SMOG
Supper CD

Bill **Callahan** can do no wrong in the eyes of the indie rock community. This, his tenth full-length under the **(SMOG)** moniker, is no grand departure from previous efforts, providing yet another candid snapshot of the rigors of loving and living. A distinct country feel permeates this outing, perhaps due to the stripped-down production and penchant for pedal steel guitar work. There's a song on here for every one of you; that terrible breakup or giddy new love affair has been summed up with no small skill by the man who knows how to make it all feel real. Prepare to get your heart wrenched – in the best kind of way – with **(SMOG)** as your soundtrack!

CD 19.98

SECRET MOMMY
Babies That Hunt CD

Attention Deficit Disorder sufferers of Canada take note. Here's a CD to file next to all those **Venetian Snares** re-issues you've been buying at Zulu. **SECRET MOMMY** is Vancouver's own **Andy Dixon**, the prodigious mastermind behind **The Red Light Sting** and **The Epidemic**. **Babies That Hunt** sees young **Andy** get down to some seriously wacky splattercore breakbeat action a la **Kid 606, DAT Politics** and **Blectum from Blechdom**. It comes to us courtesy of **Kit Clayton**'s very excellent Orthlong Musork label. We are suitably impressed.

CD 18.98

MANITOBA
Up In Flames CD/LP

Wow, this record sounds nothing like the last one. You can barely hear the laptop through all the guitars and drums and psychedelic pop-rock high jinks. It's more 90s big beat than 00s laptop IDM. Abandoning the jittery cutesy feel of his debut, **Start Breaking My Heart**, **Dan Snaith** of **Manitoba** – now a 3-piece band – shows us just how much *he is down with the Psyche Revolution, new and old.* Borrowing much from the likes of **Brian Wilson**, **The Byrds**, and **My Bloody Valentine** – and perhaps most daringly, even the **Chemical Brothers** – **Snaith** dishes out a swirling mess of nutty, driving, beautifully layered electronic pop. **Up in Flames** is an exploration in songwriting, texture and timbre – exactly what electronic music always promised to be! All this from a guy who said, "I don't give a shit about the electronic music scene!" Indeed. **STREET DATE: APRIL 8TH**

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

YO LA TENGO
Summer Sun CD/2LP

The genius of **YO LA TENGO** is now accepted fact. They're an institution, as treasured as Christmas or Hanukah or, indeed, Zulu records, thank you very much. Like any old friend, they're always welcome over for a drink and a chat, often a sleepover. This perennial greatness is handily proven again on **Summer Sun**, their eleventh full-length release. Fine form from all as the band competently roves around their expansive repertoire of turns and moves, except this time with all blowout guitar fireworks replaced by a laidback kind of dreamy and groovy "feel." Ahhhh, bring it on. As far as we can tell, **Summer Sun** is specifically designed to make listeners lie down and chill-the-fuck-out, something much needed during this time of global insanity. **Roy Campbell Jr.**, **William Parker**, **Daniel Carter**, **Sabir Mateen**, **Katie Gentile**, **Tim Harris,** and **Paul Niehaus**, join the key group of **Georgia**, **Ira** and **James**, adding horns, strings, double bass, and lap steel to fill out the basics. Sweet. **AVAILABLE APRIL 8TH**

CD 19.98 2LP 22.98

STEPHEN MALKMUS AND THE JICKS
Pig Lib CD/LP

Ha ha – **Pig Lib**! We get it **STEPHEN**, you kidder. But to be honest, we don't really understand you, and maybe we never have or will. Indeed, this typically coy title leaves us secretly scratching our heads even while we smirk and wink in knowing approval. Ironically – yes, ironically – this kind of wordplay and trickery is a major part of why we love the dude in the first place, fronting **Pavement** or his rocking new group, **THE JICKS**. Many claim that this is the record where the **MALKMUS** Magic is fully apparent again, rebuttting any doubt that **Pavement** was the only viable vehicle for this songwriting heavyweight. Not true! So get out your scorecards and check the boxes affirmatively, for the "acknowledged *master of the intriguing non sequitur,*" as *Matador* calls him, only requires the most basic backup to shine like the twinkling star that he is. Even better, **Pig Lib** also presents a band in full band mode, not just a hired troop of adequate extras placating the slanted whims of a certified indie icon. In other words, **THE JICKS** sound like more than a pay cheque. And by the way, ever noticed that **MALKMUS** is a good-looking guy?

CD 19.98 LP 19.98

ADULT
Anxiety Always CD/LP

Though **ADULT** share an archly icy aesthetic with popular favorites like **Fischerspooner** and **Ladytron** they have greater historical links with fellow Detroit natives **Drexciya and Underground Resistance**. That is to say, this husband-wife duo has been doing that hard electro shit since way before it came back into fashion. And doing it well too, as our many customers who bought their debut full length **Resuscitation** will attest. To call **Anxiety Always** hotly anticipated would be quite the understatement. Fans who've been making do with the many excellent recent releases on the band's own Ersatz Audio label (by the likes of **Magas** and **NOIA**) are more than prepared to have their bodies rocked. Time to put on your pressure suit and spend your money on some serious entertainment. **STREET DATE: APRIL 8TH**

CD/LP 16.98

AUTECHRE
Draft 7.30 CD

AUTECHRE have changed little after seven albums. In a way, this is why they're so great. While **Sean Booth** and **Rob Brown** have gotten deeper into their chosen technologies, figuring out how to make even more truly fucked up sounds, they played their top cards early on: fronting strong and unique, then shifting all abstract and shit. Even when most remote, though, its always possible to hear **AUTECHRE**'s early IDM, electro and hip hop roots, no matter how granular and cut-up they become. Indeed, **Draft 7.30** makes it easy to hear the foundations of the **AUTECHRE** style, for a change, even as it builds *inwardly to the far reaches of the aesthetic they've* defined. In this sense, **Draft 7.30** is kinda sado-masochistic, a test of self-imposed boundaries. The result is pure pleasure for us – and also for the sullen-looking young men who are responsible, we can only assume. Perhaps, as the cliché suggests, it's the quiet ones that are most kinky. But ask yourself, who is really excited here?

AVAILABLE APRIL 8TH

CD 16.98

TIM HECKER
Radio Amor CD/2LP

Word has it that this recording is a tribute to an itinerant shrimp fisher **HECKER** met while in the Caribbean. While the veracity of this claim must be accepted on faith, we figure, **HECKER** has done much to win our confidence so far. For example, his last two recordings, **Haunt Me** and **My Love is Rotten to the Core**, are amazing: lush, intelligent and musical, they stand well above the work of many of his peers. Apparently Mille Plateaux has also been won over by young **HECKER**'s many talents, since **Radio Amor** is on this coveted German imprint, not **HECKER**'s usual Canadian Alien8/Subtractif residence (although Mille Plateaux's sister label, Force Inc., was behind **HECKER**'s Jetone recording, so our German pals didn't come on entirely cold). The press push for **Radio Amor** says that it fits somewhere between **Fennesz**'s **Endless Summer** and **Oval**'s **Diskont 94**, and this comparison is indeed apt, but **HECKER** has a clear voice and irreverent humor of his own, not content to simply travel the well-worn path. Celebrate the digital-smart sound of Young Canada.

CD 19.98 2LP 22.98

BURQUITLAM PLAZA
Big On Fall CD

Holy suffering crap did you guys ever go crazy over **P:ano**'s soon-to-be-considered-epochal **When It's Dark and It's Summer** (back in print now, for those of you who've been waiting)! Vancouver's favourite young indie-pop band are currently recording their sophomore album but, for those of you who just can't wait for them to perfectly craft their perfectly crafted follow-up, **BURQUITLAM PLAZA** should more than adequately fill the gap. **Big on Fall** comprises a short set of staggeringly lovely songs recorded by **P:ano** songwriter **Nick Kgrovich** in his front room one afternoon. It also includes **Sing Burquitlam Sing** a bonus set of **Nick**'s songs sung by leading lights of the local music scene including **Veda Hille**, **Jon-Rae Fletcher** and members of **Jerk With a Bomb**, **Destroyer** and **The Organ**.

CD 12.98

MAPLEWOOD LANE
s/t CD

Great gentle and lush guitar pop from this young Vancouver band. Sweet female vocals float above a subtle ambience with hints of country, like slow wind in the trees. Imagine if the **Throwing Muses** and **Mojave 3** and **Amie Mann** and **Ida** got all sad and made music together to try and get over it, passing their sadness on to us as the most beautifully melancholy sound. This is swooning music for the big hearted, a soundtrack for watching the streetlights go on at dusk. We have **Radiogram** and **Jonathan Inc.**'s **Jonathan Anderson** to thank for helping this much-deserving recording come out, recording, producing and even playing with the band, as well as releasing this debut on his Anniedale records imprint. Major labels get your chequebooks ready. No kidding.

CD 12.98

Other Promising Notes:

Aphex Twin – 26 Mixes for Cash 2CD
Mr. Scruff- Heavy Weight Rib Ticklers CD
Miss Kitten- Radio Caroline Vol. 1 CD
DJ Spooky with Mad Professor- Dubtometry CD/LP
Howe Gelb- Listener CD
Tommy Guerrero- Soul Food Taqueria CD/LP
Various Artists- Dubbed Out In DC CD/LP
Roscoe Holcomb- An Untamed Sense of Control CD
Califone- Quicksand/ Cradlesnakes CD
Deerhoof- Apple O CD
M. Ward- The Transfiguration of Vincent CD
Jeff Parker- Like Coping CD (tortoise, Isotope 217, Chi Und Quartet)
Slitch DVD- Will Oldham in the movies again!
Janet Bean- Draggin Wonder Lake CD (of Freakwater!)
Sparta- The Wiretap Scars CD/LP
Imitation Electric Piano- Trinity Neon CD
The Hidden Cameras- The Smell of Our Own CD

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL APRIL 30, 2003

In-Store: Zulu Presents Music in the Afternoon with BUCK 65 Saturday April 19th – 3pm

Reading: Zulu's Further Investigation of the Printed Page Saturday April 26th 5PM

MC Lee Henderson - Be here, for the pen is mightier than the song!

Sheila Heti – Contemporary fables, faux fairy tales and more from Heti's writer lodge 'THE MIDDLE STORIES'.

Adam Lewis Schroeder – welcome local Vancouverite and his debut collection of stories 'KINGDOM OF MONKEYS'

Jane Lee - a founding member of THE PATTI COLLECTIVE and co-editor of PATTI magazine.

Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed	10:30 – 7:00
Thurs and Fri	10:30 – 9:00
Sat	9:30 – 6:30
Sun	12:00 – 6:00